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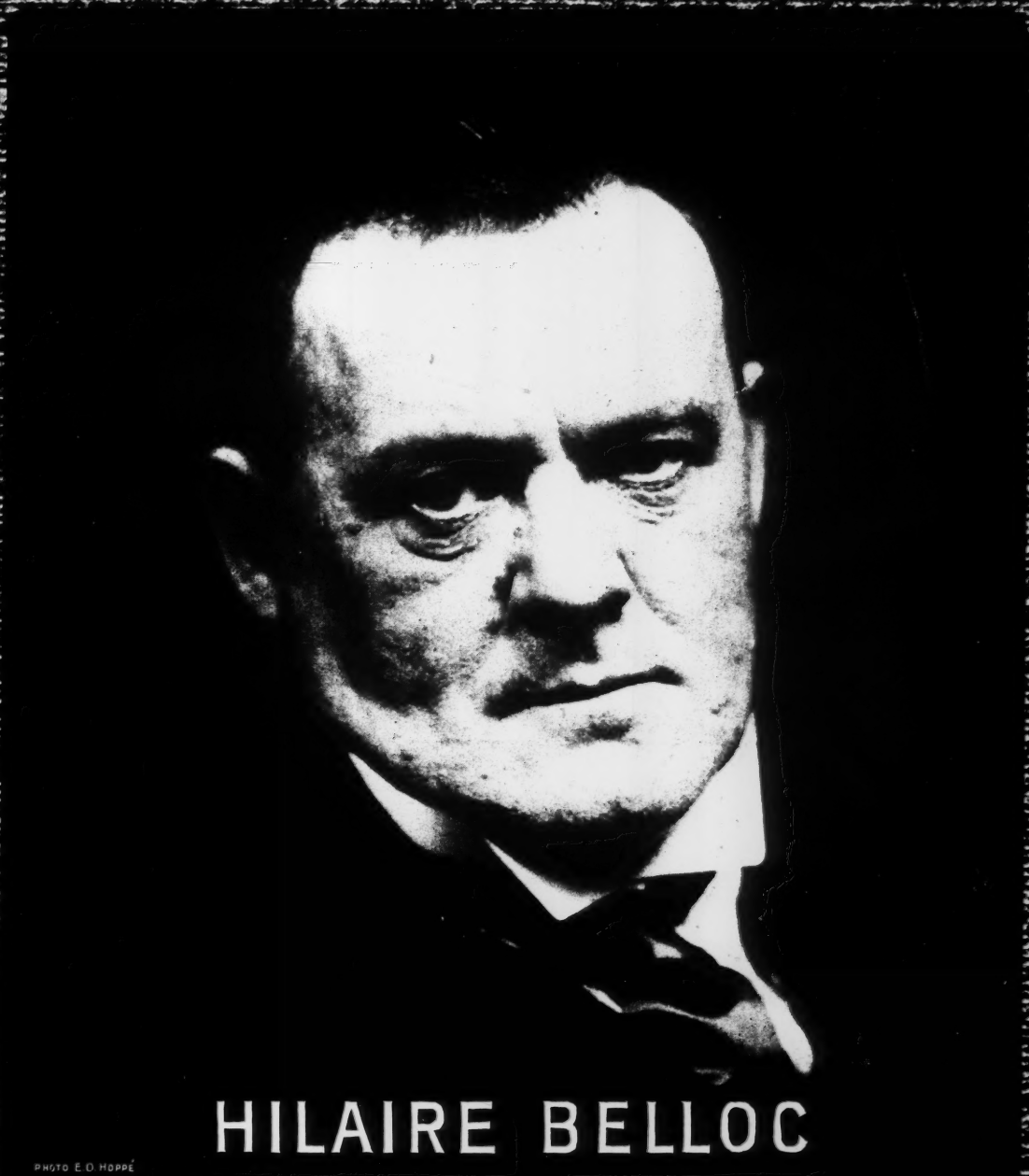
BOOKMAN



HILAIRE BELLOC

PHOTO E.O. HOPPÉ

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Next month we shall publish the Christmas Double Number of The Bookman, as usual. The war has made a difference in the literary as in all our other worlds, but the number of books appearing in these latter months is surprisingly large, and there is every prospect that this Christmas season is going to be even more thoroughly satisfactory than last—which is saying a great deal. Figuratively a Double Number, the Christmas Bookman will again be about six times larger than an ordinary issue; it will contain all the usual features, including many beautiful colour plates and a Portfolio of paintings mounted for framing. There will also be the usual large and copiously illustrated Supplements devoted to the Christmas books, and fully maintaining the record of the Christmas Bookman as the amplest and most reliable guide for the Yuletide book-buyer. As the Number has already been very largely subscribed and cannot be reprinted, we would urge all readers desirous of securing a copy to place their orders for it with their booksellers without delay.

A timely and uniquely interesting volume is "The Red Cross Story Book," which is to be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It will be beautifully illustrated, and all the contributors to it are famous authors who have enlisted since the outbreak of the war and are now on active service abroad or at home. All profits from the sale of the book will go to the funds of the British Red Cross Society.

We have welcomed the reappearances of Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the daily and weekly papers as signs that he had happily recovered from his recent illness; and now we are no less pleased to hear that he has completed a new book, which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing shortly. It is a war book, called "The Crimes of England," and administers a trouncing to Germany's military philosophers in Mr. Chesterton's heartiest and most trenchant fashion. He throws his own searchlight over the past history of Europe, lays bare the inner causes of Prussian barbarism, and shows how England has contributed to her present difficulties by playing the part of Hamlet. He deals faithfully with Mr. Shaw; touches suggestively on Mr. Kipling and the Decadents; on the Germanisation of Shakespeare; the mistakes we have made about Russia and Turkey, and the many complex questions that the present state of affairs involves. It is a live, provocative book, and when it is presently dropped on us from the Chestertonian Zeppelin should make something of a noise.

XUM

Mr. Beckles Willson
who has written the official Life of Lord Strathcona, which Messrs. Constable a e to publish.

The 1915 issue of that popular annual, "The Odd Volume," has just been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It has a long list of well-known contributors, including many of the most distinguished of living authors and artists. Numerous pictures in colour and in black and white, with a plentiful variety of stories and poems, make up a most uncommonly attractive and entertaining miscellany. Humour is the keynote of the volume, and anyone wishing to get or give amusement may be recommended to pay a shilling for it and read it and pass it on—it is just the sort of thing to delight our fighting men in the trenches or on the seas. "The Odd Volume" is published in aid of the Book Trade Provident Society, which needs more than ever, in these times, all the help it can obtain.

A book that will appeal to all who are interested in educational reform, "Schools of To-Morrow," by John and Evelyn Dewey, is published by Messrs. Dent.

Mr. St. John G. Ervine has been appointed manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, where he is arranging to produce a one-act play called "Michael O'Flaherty," by G. Bernard Shaw, and a four-act play of his own, entitled "John Ferguson: A Tragedy."

Mrs. Allhusen, the author of "Miss Molly," has been honoured by H.M. the Queen's acceptance of a Hymn which was written by Miss Allhusen and has been set to music by Sir Frederick Bridge.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month a biography of Samuel Coleridge Taylor, by W. C. Berwick Sayers. Coleridge Taylor, the son of a West African negro medical man and an Englishwoman, was one of the most brilliant of modern British composers and conductors.

"Cleopatra, a Gypsy," a new romance by Arthur F. Wallis, the author of "Idonia," will be published immediately by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.

Two Christmas colour-books that Mr. Heinemann is publishing are Dickens's "Christmas Carol," illustrated by Arthur Rackham, and "Grandmother's Fairy Tales," translated from the French of Charles Robert Dumas by Ninette Hewlett, and illustrated by Maurice Lalau.

Mr. Darrell Figgis, who is now living permanently in Ireland, is engaged on a "History of the Irish Nation," which Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack will publish. Mr. Figgis is one of the many authors who have suffered by the war, and it seems that four new books of his, which Messrs. Maunsel have in hand, have been withheld from publication since the fateful August, 1914. Two of these, "The Mount of Transfiguration," a volume of poems, and "The

Photo by Vandyk.

Mrs. Coleridge Taylor and her children.
A Life of her husband, the late Samuel Coleridge Taylor, the famous composer, is to be published by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. George Goodchild.

Lyric Cry," an anthology, are destined to wait still for more propitious times, but the other two, " A.E.," a study, and " Children of the Earth," a novel of life in the West of Ireland, will now appear shortly.

One of the saddest results of the war is the large number of soldiers and sailors who have returned from the battle front permanently blinded, and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, President of the National Institute of the Blind, has established a hostel at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, where they may be received and trained in a variety of useful occupations that will fit them for facing the darkened lives that are now before them. " The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing, is issued in aid of this beneficent work, and that the public is in sympathy with its purpose is indicated by the fact that it has been so enormously over-subscribed that its publication has had to be postponed, but it will now be ready in a few days. Mr. George Goodchild, who is responsible for the inception, compiling and editing of the book, has been fortunate enough to secure a brilliant array of well-known authors and artists among his contributors. The volume is lavishly illustrated in colour, and with numerous interesting photographs. Mr. Goodchild, who is still a young man well under thirty, began his career by working in the private workshop of a retired Army Major who had an engineering hobby; later he was engaged in the armourer's shop at a military depôt, and augmented his income by looking after the limelight, of evenings, at a theatre. All the time he was devoting his leisure to the study and practice of literature, and at nineteen had his first story published in the *Westminster Gazette*. From the military depôt he went as a clerk into a City office, and later drifted into the publishing business and has remained there. Incidentally, he has considerable gifts as a musical composer; has composed several lyrics, for which he wrote his own words, and these, which have been published under a pseudonym, have met with very gratifying successes. Last year he edited for Messrs. Jarrold one of the best of the war anthologies, " England, My England!"; and at present he is completing his first novel, a story based more or less on a music theme of Chopin's, which will be published in due course with the title of " The Rain on the Roof."

Miss Peggy Grant,
whose new novel, " The Gate of Dreams," is to be published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

Corporal Francis Ledwidge,
whose " Songs of the Fields " (Herbert Jenkins) is reviewed in this Number.

Miss Mary F. Sandars has written a " Life and Times of Queen Adelaide," which Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing immediately. The same firm announce " Because of Phœbe," a lively new novel by Kate Horn.

Every lover of humour is grateful to Mr. John Lane for introducing into England the works of that most quaint, most whimsical of Canadians, Stephen Leacock, and will be glad to hear that he

Mr. Alfred Capper,
the well-known entertainer, whose reminiscences, "A Rambler's Recollections," Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing.

is publishing immediately a new collection of tales, "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," by the same author.

"With the First Canadian Contingent" is a volume which is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton to help the Funds of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission. Illustrated with a large number of mounted and other photographs, the book tells all about the progress of the First Canadian Contingent from Valcartier and Salisbury Plain to Neuve Chapelle—and after. Between the lines, you may read something of the tender, business-like sympathy and care of the Canadian women for the brave men who went to fight for them, as well as for the Empire.

By way of special appeal to that very large section of the general public which has not formed the good habit of book-buying, the Publishers' Association has arranged to commence a "National Book Fortnight" in the third week of November. It will be signalised by a special display in all the principal bookshops throughout the kingdom, and most of the leading London and provincial dailies will devote a page in each week to articles by well-known writers, who will write in praise of books and reading. The Publishers' Association have already issued a special catalogue for the occasion, and it can be obtained gratis from any bookseller.

"A Little Book of Irish Verse," edited by Albert G. White, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co., and all profits from the sale of it will go to providing comforts for the Irish troops. Sir A. Conan Doyle, W. B. Yeats, Katharine Tynan, Patrick McGill, Louis McQuilland, J. N. Cousins, Dr. Arthur Lynch and Stephen Gwynne are among the contributors.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a new and final edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," which first appeared in 1874. This final edition includes an Epilogue which continues the history down to the present day.

"The Man who came Back," a new novel by Mr. Edgar Jepson, will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Everybody is talking just now of the Balkan problem, and most of the talk is more or less irresponsible, because so few of us know anything of the Balkans or have any real knowledge of the character and temperaments of the Balkan people, and these things count for more in the problem than any skill of German diplomacy. "Light on the Balkan Darkness," by Crawfurd Price (Simpkin, Marshall) comes at a good time. Mr. Price has lived in Bulgaria, and spent many years of his life in studying the Balkan races; he gives you the facts on which he bases his opinions; is outspoken, but admirably impartial; and without justifying the attitudes of Greece or Roumania he helps you to realise the inner significance of them.

The third volume of that most useful annotated bibliography of "Books on the Great War," by F. W. T. Lange and W. T. Berry, of the St. Bride Foundation Library, has just been issued by Messrs. Grafton & Co.

Eugenii Soloviev's "Life of Dostoievsky" is being translated into English and will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have written a story of our own days, "A Little House in War Time," which Messrs. Constable are publishing.

"A History of South Africa from the Earliest Days to the Union," by W. C. Scully, is published this week by Messrs. Longmans.

THE READER.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

By Thomas Seccombe.

I.

THERE is a large amount of soldierly blood in Mr. Belloc's veins. Four of his great-uncles were generals under Napoleon, the best-known of whom, General Chasseriau, was killed at Waterloo at the head of his cuirassiers at the age of thirty-three, having only quite recently been the recipient of the Legion of Honour. Another, General Habert, was lost in the retreat from Moscow. The names of these and of other fighting forbears may be deciphered on the Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elysées. To go one step further back, to the father of his grandmother, we encounter an interesting figure in Colonel Swanton, of the Irish Brigade, in the service of France, the lineal successor of the corps that fought under Berwick at Almanza and under Saxe at Fontenoy. Swanton's Irish descent was already rather remote when he followed Soult to Corunna, and obtained as part of the 'spoil' the two pistols of Sir John Moore, which he was glad to make over when occasion offered to one of the hero's sisters. He was, perhaps, unique in this: that while wearing the red coat of the old English army (which the Brigade adhered to), he wore at the same time the Croix de St. Louis, which he had won under the white flag of the Bourbons, and the Légion d'Honneur, which he had earned during the Empire. His son, Captain Arnaud, was wounded at Waterloo, while he was detained on the duty of holding the historic fortress of Rocroy. The daughter of this decorated warrior, Louise Marie Swanton, mixed freely in Anglo-French society, and saw a great deal of the travelling English. Her bilingual habit stood her in good stead, and her gifts as a translator were seen to advantage in many familiar examples, such as Moore's "Life of Byron," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and several works by Charles Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell. She moved in these days in the circle which revolved round Madame Mohl, of whose salon she might at one time have been the chronicler. She survived that generation, and died less than twenty-five years ago at the great age of eighty-six, having lived no less than sixty-eight years since her first literary essay, a charming story for children called "Pierre et Pierette," obtained the laurel of the Académie, and seventy-five since she dimly remembered witnessing Napoleon's last review of the Champ de Mars in May, 1815.

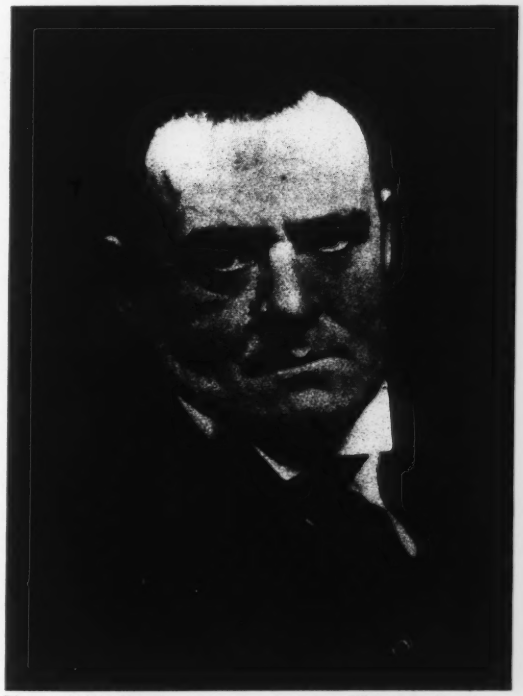


Photo by E. O Hoppé. **Hilaire Belloc.**
Specially taken for The Bookman.

Her husband was an artist, Hilaire Belloc the elder, son of a planter at Martinique, whose family was largely ruined by the English blockade. Many of his portraits are to be discovered by research in French provincial museums, one at least is in the Louvre, and there is a bust of him as artist and curator in the Luxemburg. He was thirteen years older than his wife, and at nine saw Robespierre on his way to the guillotine. Their son, Louis Swanton Belloc, a barrister by profession, employed for the most part in the Secretariate of Prefecture, married at Spanish Place in 1867, the year of her conversion, Bessie Rayner Parkes, daughter of Joseph Parkes, a familiar figure among the philosophical Radicals of the Mill, Grote, and Lord John Russell era. As a granddaughter of Joseph Priestley and the proud possessor of his prism, she had the entrée among all the advanced intelligence, from Montalembert and Dupanloup to Browning and Rossetti. She was also a writer and an aspirant to poetic honours on her own account. For a time she was much occupied in quest of health for her husband, who suffered in 1870 and died on his return from the south only two years later at Lacelle St. Cloud, near Marly-le-Roi, where Hilaire was born, July 27th, 1870. He was born in *L'Année Terrible*, an only son:

"The only brothers I ever knew
Were the men who laughed and quarrelled with me."

His mother was forty-two when his father died, and she soon left Lacelle St. Cloud and settled at Slindon, which thus became Hilaire's early home, though not his birthplace. The love of Sussex and its downs, its small towns and its perfect little rivers, the Rother, the Evenlode, and the Arun, entered deep into his consciousness. His memories of France, though revived fairly often, were submerged in the flood of Sussex scenery, tradition and ideas. The Turneresque features of Arundel, and its romantic glens and oak woods, became to him what the Westmorland cascade was to Wordsworth, a passion in the blood. At twelve and a half he was sent to the Oratory at Edgbaston. The name and fame of Cardinal Newman was a strong magnet

there to the Catholic youth. And a portrait of the most venerable of modern Englishmen who saw the boys once a week and had some experiences of the young Hilaire's readiness with tongue and pen, must linger in the memory. The youthful *idéologue* even at that age was too self-opinionated to be very popular, but he gathered some friendships which have been singularly lasting, as may be deduced from his dedications. Here is a brief portrait of him at that period:

"I remember very well Belloc coming to the Oratory school—some time in '83, I suppose. He was a small, squat person, of the shaggy kind (betokening the future journalist) with a clever face and sharp bright eyes. Being amongst English boys, his instinctive combativeness made him assume a decidedly French pose, and this no doubt brought on him many a gibe, which, we may be equally sure, he was well able to return. I was amongst the older boys, and saw little of him. But I recollect finding him one day studying a high wall (of the old Oratory Church, since pulled down). It turned out that he was calculating its exact height by some cryptic mathematical process which he proceeded to explain. I concealed my awe, and did not tell him that I understood nothing of his terms, his explanations, or deductions; it would have been unsuitable for a big fellow to be taught by a 'brat.' In those days the boys used to act Latin plays of Terence, which enjoyed a certain celebrity, and from his first year Belloc was remarkable. His rendering of the impudent servant maid was the inauguration of a series of triumphs during his whole school career."

Drawn by Hilaire Belloc.

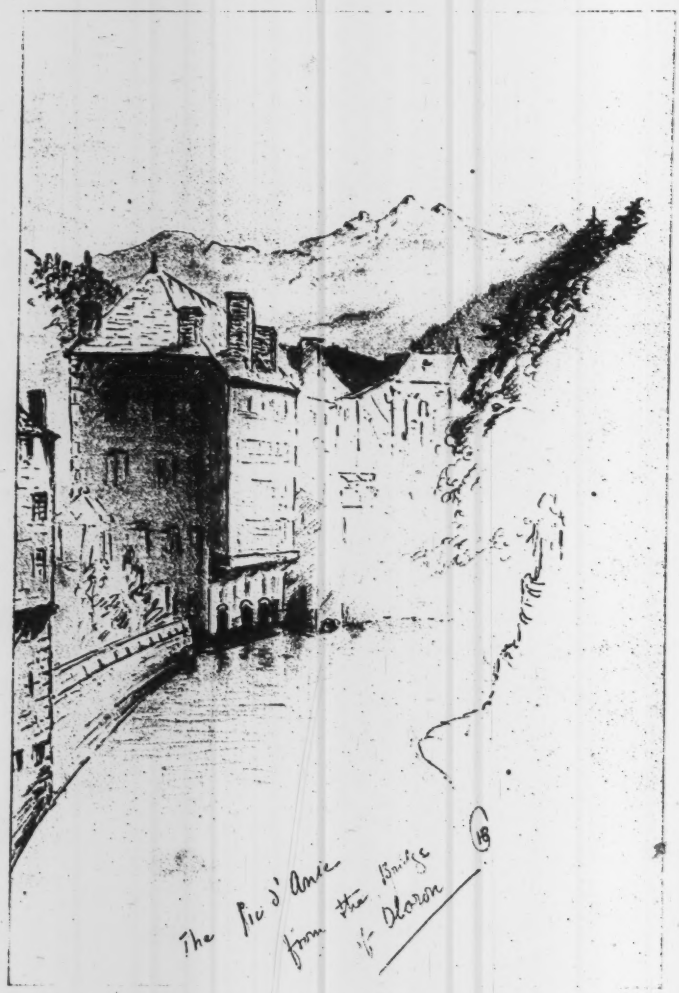
The Gate of Verecunda

From "Esto Perpetua," by Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by the Author (Duckworth).

When he left the Oratory, there was much discussion naturally as to whether Hilaire should or should not signalise his French citizenship by volunteering for the army. Strictly, he was exempt as the only son of a widow. But he did volunteer, and served a year in the French Field Artillery in a regiment stationed at Toul, where he learned, among other things, habitually to talk French—the French of the barrack—and laid the foundation for the reproach he has incurred with some humorous exaggeration of speaking neither French nor English like a native born. At the close of 1890 he was a free man again, vastly richer for his store of experience gleaned among the gunners of France, where he had undergone, too, the common stripes of military life, had mixed with the roughest of the rough, and slept with nine men and a gun.

A violent contrast succeeded when Hilaire, after some strenuous private reading and preparation, went up to Oxford and gained the blue ribbon of Scholastic Plates—a Balliol (Brackenbury) Scholarship.

Of the pale, wan, spectacled student to whom such prizes not uncommonly fall, there was little in Belloc. Less of Puritan pallor had never been seen in Scholar of Oxenford. He swam, rode, shouted, blasphemed, speechified, loved clamour and noise, crowds of friends, red wine and Washington ale. There was contagion in his laugh and exhilaration seemed to emanate from his presence.



Drawn by Hilaire Belloc.

From "The Pyrenees," by Hilaire Belloc

The Pic d'Aine from Oloron.

Illustrated by the Author (Methuen).

II.

Looking askance as he did at the most cherished English institutions such as the Public School and the National Church, a profound unbeliever in Reform and Revolution whether under Henry, Elizabeth or William III., a profound sceptic in regard to the all-wisdom of Burke and the sacramental virtues of the old English constitution and the national habit of compromise, Belloc at twenty-two, with his mixed blood and his French experience, was an unhandy customer for an Oxford Historical Don to tackle. It was necessary for his preceptor to plant himself very firm and to tackle low. Fortunately for Belloc he was so encountered by a tutor who has remained to all his pupils the ideal of what an Oxford tutor was at his best when he was first conjured up in the conception of Jowett, a link between the old Oxford and the new, a small lion, but the bravest of the brave, and one who formed others by forming himself, and that in the most creative way. In grappling with Belloc he realised that he had to combine something of the Cœur de Lion with the traditional subtlety of the Angevins. A fellow pupil, a beagle among books and documents, was specially trained to undermine Belloc's rapid essays in research. The daring pilot was pulled to earth by a strong resisting cord before he ever succeeded in getting his machine to its full momentum. But Belloc too, like a peripatetic philosopher, was surrounded by disciples. His defiance of national fetishes, his mockery of English complacency and superiority, his defiance of University standards, his Rupert-like debate and persiflage at the Union, his flagrant setting at nought of current conventions and unwritten college rules—all these things made him the idol of his contemporaries. He was a few years older and more experienced than most of his college friends, but had lost little of the intoxication, the contagion and the ringing laughter of earliest manhood. He dazzled and infected everyone with his mockery and his laughter. There never was such an undergraduate, so merry, so learned in medieval trifling and terminology, so perfectly spontaneous in rhapsody and extravaganza, so positive and final in his judgments—who spoke French, too, like a Frenchman, in a manner unintelligible to our public-school-French-attuned ears. He was a scholar, too, a Brackenbury in the burliest of gowns; he won prizes and a "first." He was clearly predestinate for a fellowship of the most brilliant hue.

Photo by Annan, & Sons. **Hilaire Belloc.**

An early portrait.

And yet, as it fell out, his first and last check at Oxford, and in the surpassing brilliance of his career then, was in his rejection for the All Souls. Its unexpectedness served as an additional barb. He felt it bitterly as a kind of personal humiliation, and it was long before the memory of it became effaced. It was the result, in all probability, of overweening confidence on his side, and of fear rather than incompetence on that of his examiners. Belloc was regarded in that azure and pink atmosphere as something of a strange animal, wild, unclassifiable and probably *méchant*. His brilliant "first" counted for little in comparison with the possibility of an unforgivable impertinence to the Big Wigs who periodically roll up and throw an aureole of *Savoir* over the College. For Belloc had more strongly as an undergraduate or a young master even than in later life, a most disconcerting impulse to blurt out truths and impossible questions to men who have forgotten by disuse how to parry. He had the smallest imaginable bump of respect for mere Big Wigs and Personages as such. The only contemporary historians for whom he has avowed even a decent respect, are Lord Morley and Herbert Fisher. His frankness was often as uncompromising and embarrassing as his confidence. He would, it was admitted, have been excellent at uncorking the wine—the special duty and privilege of the junior fellow. But then he would have been so infernally critical of the vintage.

Belloc was precocious in companionship, in power of utterance and in preoccupation with the concerns of men. He was fond of soldiering and marching and riding and sailing, but for the boyish games to which men in England devote so much of their ripe leisure, he had small predilection. To paraphrase the pompous expression of Gibbon, History and Geography were his bat and ball. Neither to him were abstractions. He took a live interest in both, and sought the earliest opportunity of applying his knowledge. They have always been his two most efficient arms of offence, and it is principally with their aid that he has made the impression he has made upon the literature of our day. He already had big ambitions of a literary cast. He had schemed to write on Paris and of the Revolution. But his first essays in writing were either burlesques or exercises prescribed by friendship and emulation. At

Balliol his squibs, lampoons and epigrams were in constant demand. Until eclipsed by the more modern and sulphurous mint of Raymond Asquith no *obiter dicta* of an undergraduate were more in request. He was, of course, the star of the Junior Common Room and the Union Debates, the *blasé roué* of social assemblies, the supreme wit of Isis and all the Ephemerides that buzz and flit during the Toggers and the Eights. He was, in short, the Messiah of Undergraduates, who would lead them to conquest in the great Armageddon of Wits of Blood against the secular pedantry of predestinate Dons.

His first serious attempt to gain an outside estimate of his historical quality was made in the year of the check at All Souls. It is instructive to find him writing as preludist of the young Radicals of his time in a book of collected Liberal Essays dedicated to John Unley in 1897, and containing the work of F. W. Hirst, J. A. Simon, J. S. Phillimore, J. L. Hammond and P. J. Macdonell. The essay prefigures many of his later opinions—few men have been more tenacious of formed opinions or tried friends—mocking denunciation of the usurpations of the territorial class, of capital held in large chunks by the few, of the many working in masses in semi-servile discipline, voters whose interests are economic, not political, citizens who own nothing, not even first-hand clothes, the immunities of the rich and the dishonesty of Press and Party-institutions still in that Jubilee England regarded as sacrosanct.

As a poet, Belloc's station is far more ambiguous than his place as a prose writer. His Sussex poem of the South Country is one that no self-respecting anthology could possibly do without. It is destined clearly to English immortality. The question is, will it survive, like "Not a drum was heard," as the single poem of a poetic genius of incomparable promise, the volume of poetry under whose arm was so restricted that it amounted to no more than :

"When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind
I light my lamp in the evening
My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind."

and the nine unequal stanzas that follow? Two of these, at least, are among the most spontaneous and the most splendid in all modern verse :

"I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend ;
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get toward the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex weald.

* * * * *

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me."

This Bacchanalian touch, rarely long absent from Chester-Bellocian letters, does nothing to impair the beauty of this inspiriting chant. Its metrical irregularities all go to enhance its value. The young love it and love Sussex for it. The elderly adore its youth and vitality. It constitutes an achievement by itself, surpassing Kipling's fine poem on Sussex by sheer energy and frankness. No poem seems less artificial. Few are more suggestive of poetic opulence. Belloc's youthful manner was all that. Had he to wait for a man to finish a drink or for a lady (if he ever did wait for a lady) to put on her gloves, he would impartially make a drawing, pen an epigram, scribble a ballade or a sonnet. He gave people broadcast the impression of versatile and almost unlimited power in this respect. But in the whole of the remainder of his collected verse there is hardly anything that gets beyond the level of Churchill, or at the best, Canning. There is surely a beautiful Tennysonian passage about the Evenlode imbedded in a Mock Heroic Poem, Dedicatory Ode of the Republican Club. There are lampoons on Dons and Journalists, and some grand ringing lines to the alumni of his old college.

"Words together and wine together
And song together in Balliol Hall."

But after the South Country which everyone knows and loves, and it may possibly be a drinking song or two, the best known of his verses are the purely burlesque ones such as :

"The little mound where Eckstein stood,
And gallant Albu fell,
And Oppenheim, half blind with blood,
Went fording through the rising flood—
My Lord, we know them well."

In spite of the most lavish margins his "Verses" of 1910 extend to eighty-six pages—no more, and even these are eked out by a lavish reprint of verses and trifles from the little volume (now far from common) published by Ward & Downey under the title of "Verses and

Matilda,
Who told lies and was burned to death.

From "Cautionary Tales for Children," by Hilaire Belloc (Eveleigh Nash).

Drawn by G. K. Chesterton.

The Editor of the "Doctrinaire,"

as he appeared reading his paper on "The Causes of our Success in South Africa" to the Royal Society.
From "Mr. Burden," by Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton (Methuen).

Sonnets," and dedicated to J. S. Phillimore as early as 1896. Like more famous Songs and Sonnets, they were *Fragmenta Aurea* in the currency of private friends long before they attained publication, and like all privately circulated poems, they suffered a shock of reaction when the ultimate test was applied.

III.

Belloc's first essay in biography was a sketch of his friend Hubert Howard, who was killed at Omdurman. His loyal comradeship, his love of the freedom of college life, and the wide sweep of his interests, appear in this as in nearly all his early work, but the essay is also marked by some of the defects which are apt to qualify his studies and labours in this branch of letters. He is apt to be over didactic, declaims too readily on generalities, is sparing of the detail that interests readers in a specific life, and obtrudes hobbies of his own (in this case, for instance, the *Chanson de Roland*) in lieu of facts more obviously germane to the subject of his enquiry. The same faults are not entirely absent from his subsequent studies of "Danton" and "Robespierre". Danton was published with a dedication to Anthony Henley, in 1899, and affords a picturesque view of the Great Tribune and of the Revolution in the corrected vision of Aulard and the other representatives of the new learning on the subject down to the death of Robespierre. He afterwards wrote a monograph on Robespierre in the light of the most recent investigations, and he also furnished an introduction to Carlyle's French Revolution, in which he drew attention to the failures of characterisation in the case of Louis and Robespierre while admitting to the full the great romantic qualities of Carlyle's historical epic. In his book on "Marie Antoinette," published a good many years later, the product of ripened judgment and mature literary labour, he sought to remedy these shortcomings and to emphasise the hitherto not fully recognised importance of the civil constitution of the clergy, the superstitious dislike of "the Austrian," the crisis-value of Valmy and the close interdependence of external military effort and internal policy during the period. The book really, in its fine blend of the four great prose qualities of narration, description, exposition, and argumentation, is one of the very best Belloc has given us. The historical episodes are vivid in the extreme, and the characterisation is surprising in amplitude, perception and divination, a quality in which the author overflows alike in his historical and topographical work. From the vast heap of materials accumulated in the documentation of this book and its forerunners the writer was able without difficulty to furnish forth his little book on the Revolution which had an immense success in the Home University Library. In spite of its rather dogmatic trend it is an almost invaluable résumé of modern research and original deductions. Above all it shows the curious influence exerted upon the movement by certain personalities such as the King, Necker, Mirabeau, Lafayette, the Queen, Danton and Carnot; secondly, the futility of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and then, most distinctive and important, the vital links of Varennes, Pillnitz, Valmy, Maubeuge and Wattignies, the balance of successful achievement to the credit of revolutionary militarism, despite the ostensible disasters of 1812–1815, and the persistent danger of the imputation of civilian motives and virtues in the study of military history—causation and effect. This little book, in spite of its dogmatism, its assumption of knowledge and almost

Shopping.

Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,
And if he is awfully rich,
He will buy you the creature—or else—he will not
(I cannot be positive which).

From "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc (Duckworth).

stenographic summariness, is one of its writer's capital efforts. It is an object lesson in grasp, it is a model of what can be effected by vivid lecturing; in it and in "Warfare in England" Belloc feels towards a method of his own, a method as positive, as clear cut and as graphic as he was able to make it. It abounds in definition, explanation, discrimination, maps and plans—the index finger is extended most of the time, the art of demonstration is carried into a new dimension. Belloc, said a wag, invented the map of Europe. Historical power and the gift of insight and divination along certain historical lines, are combined with the topographical curiosity and instinct which gave the writer his unique position as interpreter in chief, in his weekly article in *Land and Water*, of the landmarks of the present war. This article has been read with avidity by thousands of English people, it has been eagerly perused abroad. What was so often conspicuously lacking in the Press in the way of sincerity, outspokenness and moderation was to be found here—it served the purpose of a tonic to many of its readers during a most gloomy period—and it was written by a man whose special knowledge and unique endowment gave weight to all that he wrote. "The Bayeux Tapestry" published only last year, furnishes another example of Belloc's singular power of exposition, and few people have had a clearer vision of the Normans and their sphere of influence than he. Before leaving what he has accomplished in the way of historical divination, however, we must not omit "The Girondin," a romantic sketch of the beginnings of national service in France, and how the ranks of the Republic were filled, a wedding of imaginative creation and military history worthy of the joint effort of Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson; and that still more remarkable book "The Eye Witness" (1908), historical vignettes, dialogues, evocations of the past such as no other living historian could give us. They reveal faculties proper now to Scott and Dumas, now to Charles Reade and Robert Louis Stevenson. The spirit of these things is quite wonderful, they are historic *voces populi*, surprising alike on account of their felicity, their vitality and their wit. Some people, and I am nearly persuaded to be one of their number, regard this book as its author's completest title to fame.

But many look upon Mr. Belloc's intuition as a topographer, his geographic energy, his tireless love of travel as constituting his highest bid for honours as a writer. "The Path to Rome," "Hills and the Sea," "Esto Perpetua," "Four Men," and his book on the Pyrenees contain his most notable work in this genre, but it extends through a long series of essays and through every line of his projected series upon the prehistoric trackways of England ("The Old Road," "Stane Street," etc.) not to mention his books and essays on Paris, London, the Thames, Moscow, the Footpath Way and the like. His passion for small rivers and small towns, his sensitiveness to historic names and provinces, his enthusiasm for walking and sailing and riding—all contributed to make him an ideal roadfarer. The magic, the unexpectedness, the fantastic variations and fluctuations of travel lose nothing in his hands—the versatility, the *négligé* of the author, the continuous high spirits, the archaic vein of persiflage sometimes almost bordering on medieval blasphemy hold us with a conjurer's spell.

IV.

During the romantic period of life which culminated in his following the not impossible she across the ocean to California and marrying at the age of twenty-seven (the misfire of the fellowship notwithstanding), settling for a time in what he pronounced solemnly to be Turner's old house at Chelsea and then more permanently at a picturesque mill house, subsequently transformed, in Shipley parish, near Horsham (the neighbour town of Shelley), Belloc achieved a fine standard of insight as a medievalist. He lectured with brilliant success upon the life, the ideals, the society and the vision splendid which rendered the era of the twelfth century (and more the thirteenth) one of the noblest and most glorious eras in which it might have been a man's lot to live in. He dissipated much of the grotesque undervaluing of the medieval period which the Protestant spirit of the seventeenth century and the cynical and encyclopædic temperament of the eighteenth had somehow generated. The flash lights he handled so skilfully must have thrown a ray into many an historical dungeon, and the power of teaching history by flashes of lightning pervades his miscellaneous work: Essays, Sketches, "Paris," Thames books, Road books, and others. As in the fiction of Disraeli, a reading of history pervades all that he writes in this sphere. People who like Dizzy and Peacock revel in the clever, irresponsible complications of *Mr. Clutterbuck* and its successors. Others admire chiefly the satires and burlesques, such as the fantastic college satire of "Lambkin's Remains," a severe purge of English humbug *in excelsis*; the life of Mr. Emanuel Burden, merchant, an extraordinary blending of The New Republic and the Flaubertian irony of Bouvard and Pecuchet. These virile studies suffer from the usual defects of irony, impenetrability and lack of relief, emphasised perhaps by Belloc's apt assimilation of the stylistic qualities that he admired most in English, the male vernacular of Bunyan, Swift and Defoe. Again there are those who regard Belloc primarily as essayist and rambler—the picturesque delineator of things seen in vagabondage, the juggler with ideas, perceptions and strange analogies and intuitions of the born traveller. It is certain that no one since Borrow could render so well a chance encounter, giving it an air of almost dry verisimilitude and at the same time an atmosphere of romance and a background of philosophic realism. Almost any sample of his writing would suffice. It is extraordinarily individual and *spirituel* in a way of its own. Positive though his prose commonly is it yet at times manifests a wonderful power of vibration. This excerpt is from "Esto Perpetua":

"He drove a little cart—a light cart with two wheels, His horse was of such a sort as you may buy any day in Africa for ten pounds, that is, it was gentle, strong, swift and small, and looked in the half light as though it did not weigh upon the earth, but as though it were accustomed to running over the tops of the sea. I said to the Arab: 'Will you not give me a lift?' He answered: 'If it is the will of God.' Hearing so excellent an answer, and finding myself a part of the universal fate, I leapt into his cart, and he drove along through the gloaming, and as he went he sang a little song which had but three notes in it, and each of these notes was divided from the next by only a quarter of a note. So he sang, and so I sat by his side.

"At last he saw that it was only right to break into talk, if for no other reason than that I was his guest; so he said quite suddenly, looking straight before him:

"'I am very rich.'

"I said: 'I am moderately poor.'

"At this he shook his head and said: 'I am more fortunate than you; I am very, very rich.' He then wagged his head again slowly from side to side and was silent for a good minute or more.

"He next said slyly, with a mixture of curiosity and politeness: 'My Lord, when you say you are poor, you mean poor after the manner of the Romans; that is, with no money in your pocket, but always the power to obtain it.'

"'No,' I said, 'I have no land, and not even the power of which you speak. I am really, though moderately, poor. All that I get I earn by talking in public places in the cold weather, and in spring-time and summer by writing and other tricks.' He looked solemn for a moment, and then said: 'Have you indeed no land?' I said: 'No,' again; for at that moment I had none. Then he replied: 'I have sixteen hundred acres of land.'

"When he had said this he tossed back his head in that lion-like way they have, for they are as theatrical as children or animals, and he went on: 'Yes, and of these one-fourth are in good fruit trees . . . they bear . . . they bear. . . . I cannot contain myself for well being.' 'God give you increase,' said I. 'A good word,' said he, 'and I would say the same to you, but that you have nothing to increase with. However, it is the will of God. "To one man it comes, from another it goes," said the Barber, and again it is said, "Which of you can be certain?"'

"These last phrases he rattled off like a lesson with no sort of unction; it was evidently a form. He then continued:

"'I have little rivulets running by my trees. He—from—whom—I—bought had let them go dry; I nurtured them till they sparkled. They feed the roots of my orchard. I am very rich. Some let their walls fall down; I prop them up; nay, sometimes I rebuild. All my roofs are tiled with tiles from Marseilles. . . . I am very rich.'

"Then I took up the psalm in my turn and I said: 'What is it to be rich if you are not also famous? Can you sing or dance or make men laugh or cry by your recitals? I will not ask if you can draw or sculpture, for your religion forbids it, but do you play the instrument or the flute? Can you put together wise phrases which are repeated by others?'

"To this he answered quite readily: 'I have not yet attempted to do any of these things you mention. Doubtless were I to try them I should succeed, for I have become very rich, and a man who is rich in money from his own labour could have made himself rich in any other thing.'

"When he said this I appreciated from whence such a doctrine had invaded England. It had come from the Orientals. I listened to him as he went on: 'But it is no matter; my farm is enough for me. If there were no men with farms, who would pay for the flute and the instrument and the wise beggar and the rest? Ah! who would feed them?'

"'None,' said I, 'you are quite right.' So we went quickly forward for a long time under the darkness, saying nothing more until a thought moved him. 'My father was rich,' he said, 'but I am far richer than my father.'

"It was cold, and I remembered what a terrible way I had to go that night—twenty miles or more through this empty land of Africa. So I was shivering as I answered: 'Your father did well in his day, and through him you are rich. It says: "Revere your father; God is not more to you." He answered: 'You speak sensibly; I have sons.' Then for some time more we rode along upon the high wheels.

"But in a few minutes the lights of a low steading appeared far off under poplar-trees, and as he waved his hand towards it he said: 'That is my farm.' 'Blessed be your farm,' said I, 'and all who dwell in it.' To this he made the astonishing reply: 'God will give it to you; I have none.' 'What is that you say?' I asked him in amazement. He repeated the phrase, and then I saw that it was a form, and it was of no importance whether I understood it or not. But I understood the next thing which he said as he stopped at his gates, which was: 'Here, then, you get out.' I asked him what I should pay for the service, and he replied: 'What you will. Nothing at all.' So I gave him a franc, which was all I had in silver. He took it with a magnificent salutation, saying as he did so: 'I can accept nothing from you,' which I take it, was again a form. Then the night swallowed him up, and I shall never see him again."

The Grange, Slindon,

where Mr. Belloc lived for some years with his mother. It is now the home of Mr. Morris Colles.

Some people have gone to the length of seeing a great Belle Lettrist in Mr. Belloc on the strength of his graceful studies of Marot, Ronsard, and other lights of the French Renaissance, in the collection styled "Avril" and dedicated to his friend of whose French learning he has stood so long in absolute awe—Mr. F. Y. Eccles. This conception of him was backed to the extent of an offer of the chair of English at East London College in 1911. But æsthetic criticism worried him, and Belloc confessed to me more than once that he would like well to exchange subjects—I was teaching History at the time. His attitude towards English Literature and its professors was never exactly respectful, and the idea of solemnly examining people in such

a subject struck him as enormously comic. When he had a vision of his own about an English writer—Swift, Cobbett, Swinburne, whoever it might be—he committed it to an essay. The fluidity of these little Inquirendoes into the Nature of Nothing, Anything, Something, and Everything, their irresponsible banter, bird-free of anything so dull as a definite subject, give the best idea of Belloc's intense cerebration, spontaneous gaiety, power of suggestion, and versatility of expression. But versatile though he was, Belloc's pen was chaster than that of almost any journalist of his time. He refused positively to write on subjects he had no interest in or knowledge of, or on which he had already said his say and threshed himself out. Of subjects we all profess to know something about, he ostentatiously knew nothing. Medieval history, and a little philosophy, the Moors in Spain, military history and topography—these were his avowed subjects. He almost boasted of his blind areas. Interest in modern problems, political and economic, widened the area of his studies, though as a recreation he loved to put such problems aside and concentrate his whole soul upon a military monograph—Blenheim, Malplaquet, Valmy, Waterloo. His intense curiosity in everything that concerned a military problem made itself clearly felt in these papers and monographs. The public loves to believe in impromptu genius, or they would have realised the unremitting study and unstinted concentration which alone made the weekly article in *Land and Water* a possibility.

The career of professor had been denied him, but Mr. Belloc found Liberal journalism an easy avenue to Parliament. Independent candidates with even a suspicion of Liberal orthodoxy about them, were at a premium in 1905. Belloc had become a naturalised British subject in 1903, and had humorously contemplated a change of name to Hilary Bullock. The one Liberal feature about him was a permeating faith in democracy—but he looked in vain for a democracy that he could identify among the shibboleths of the Liberalism of 1905, beginning with the imposing cry of Chinese Slavery. Fresh to the rather fetid atmosphere of English politics studied from the inside, and emancipated by his French blood from any disarming superstition of veneration for its sanctity, Belloc analysed the forces controlling it with an effrontery as disconcerting to some as it was refreshing to others. He was soon seized with an ambition to revolutionise a system which revealed more of imposture the more you scanned it. His searchlights were five or six years ahead of most contemporary analysts. But he was really the first to exhibit with crystal clearness the immunity of the rich under the present régimé, to apply the thousand-pound test to the supposed impeccable virtue of the modern newspaper, to discuss frankly the plutocratic control of party by the sale of honours and political "pull," and the corrupt and collusive system by which the strategists of the opposing parties combined to evade the control of the representative bodies who nominally actuated them. As politics, the "tone of the House," and all the Club sanctities and makeshifts of the Commons, more and more estranged him, he withdrew from politics and sought to reveal their trade secrets in an organ he started and called *The Witness*, a sort of *Ami du peuple*.

In this he anticipated that now almost popular type of destructive criticism of political fetishes which has imperceptibly worked its way from horrified incredulity to amused contempt. His military, political and economic forecasts have for the most part been surprisingly just. But, like most real prophets, he has not the knack of appropriating credit for his insight. He dislikes vagueness, while commonplace is to him as an unfilled can. He passes on. No man has progressed more rapidly. As an essayist he already occupies one of the very first places in English Literature.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four or eight lines of original verse on War-time Economies.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Miss Lucy J. Taylor, of 80, Oakfield Road, Cannon Hill, Birmingham, and Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Herefordshire, for the following:

OMNIPRESENCE.

Turmoil of traffic, the meetings and partings of merchants;
Greetings and glancings, with many a step to retrace;
Gold, fashion, and folly rub mute melancholy;—
And the chance, at each turn of the street,
Of, Madonna, your face.

Voices of children, the rising and falling of music;
Gathering of winds, with the pulse of the raindrops that came;
Song of the singer, and echoes that linger;—
And the chance that some note will vibrate
With the sound of your name.

Velvet of darkness, the soft-silken curtain of twilight;
Brushing of wings in their flight o'er a half-sleeping land;
Cushions of grass where the homing birds pass;—
And the chance that some touch may recall
The dear clasp of your hand.

Work-weary day, with a curtain of strife for a background;
Hardly-earned night, so elusive of promise of rest;
Thoughts that still wander, now here and now yonder;—
And the chance that in dreams there shall be
For my pillow, your breast.

LUCY J. TAYLOR.

PRAYER TO THE SWORD.

They mouth and tear at ease their stricken prey:
Ravage and lust and murder without sum.
"It shall be answered at the Judgment Day"—
So runs the tale, but that is far away,
Who knows if it will come?

Evil sits crowned and mocks at our despair;
The heavens are bare and silent to our cry.
The gods are sleeping, or they do not care:
Be thou our friend on earth and hear the prayer,
O Sword, of us who die!

For every pang on shuddering memory scored,
The shame, the helpless rage, the tortured fear,
Our debt of anguish till the reckoning stored,—
Bring near the day of our revenge: O Sword,
Let there be judgment here!

E. R. FARADAY.

We also select for printing:

TEARS OF WOMEN.

Oh! Thou Gentle Son of Woman,
All Divine, and yet how human,
In Thine awful anguish dying,
Hearing then a woman's sighing . . .
Hear the mothers, Sinless Son.

Let our hands of strong beseeching,
Thy compassion swiftly reaching,
Draw from Thee a light of promise
That Thy peace will shine upon us.
Hear the mothers, Sinless Son.

We have loved them, we have borne them,
Oh! forbid that we should mourn them.
See us, we are very human,
As Thy Mother . . . Son of Woman . . .
Hear the mothers, Sinless Son.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

From the large number of others received we select for special commendation the lyrics by Evelyn M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Miss W. T. H. Bolton (Kilburn), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Christine Chaundler (London, W.), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Mrs. R. C. Tragett (London, W.), A. Welch (Chiswick), Edna I. V. Norman (Bournemouth), Mrs. Gregory (Parkstone), "Saladin" (London, S.E.), Vera Larminie (Kensington), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), B. R. M. Hetherington, (Carlisle), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), M. H. Drury (Streatham), Violet B. Chapman (Burnham, Somerset), Lilian Holmes (Charing, Kent), M. Pearl (Waterloo, near Liverpool), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, Western Australia), T. J. Popham (Dumfries), E. K. East (Liverpool), M. I. P. (Fulham), Beresford Richards (Castlerock), M. Hayward Potter (Streatham), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), M. Gardner (Southsea), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Vivien Flord (Bristol), Eunice Verney (Manchester), Wilfrid J. Halliday (Pudsey), Constance E. Curryer (Acton), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Leslie Comber (Kingston, Jamaica), Ivy England (Peckham), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Eileen Newton (Whitby Yorks.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Monk, of Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall, for the following:

ECONOMY IN WAR TIME. By MRS. EUSTACE MILES. (Methuen.)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
BEN JONSON.

We also select for printing:

THE PASSIONATE ELOPEMENT. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

"The dish ran away with the spoon."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

A NOTABLE TRIO. REVIEW BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

". . . three Golden Balls."
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

SALVATION SAL. By HORACE W. C. NEWTE. (Chatto & Windus.)

"The tambourine I saw her twirl."
C. P. O'CONNOR, *East End Society Verse.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE SIGN OF SILENCE. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Ward, Lock.)

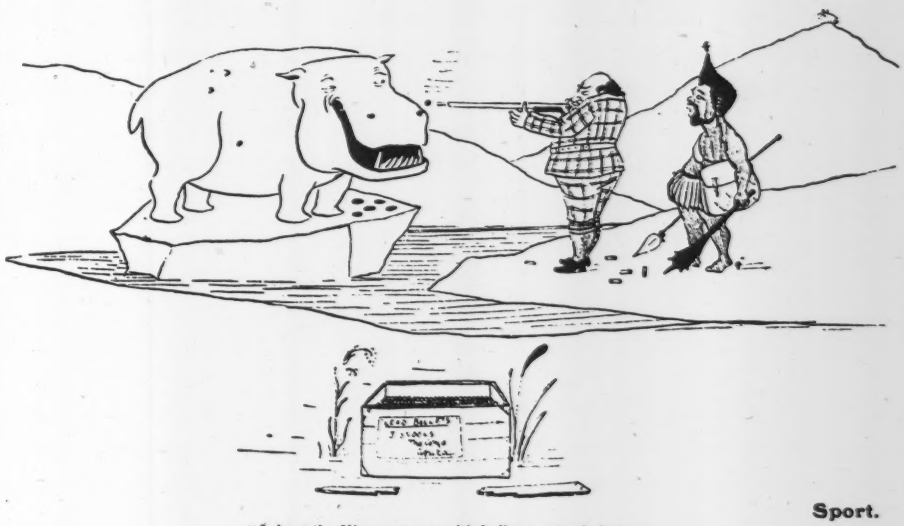
"He winked his eye a bit."
SONG, *The Gay Tomtit.*

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

A RISKY GAME. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Ward, Lock.)

"Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders."
Old English Nursery Rhyme.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)



Sport.

"I shoot the Hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum,
Because if I use leaden ones his hide is sure to flatten 'em."
From "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc (Duckworth).

THE GREAT UNREST. By F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane.)

"I confess an itch."
R. Browning, *Solomon and Balkis.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.)

III.—The Prize of Three New Books for the best four-line greeting to a new V.C. is awarded to May O'Rourke, of The Old Vicarage, Fordington Hill, Dorchester, for the following:

LINES TO A NEW V.C.

You need no honours, who are Honour's Son;
You need no roses, who have won your bays;
But England, seeking knighthood in these days,
Shall crown with thanks the trophies you have won!"

We select for special commendation the six quatrains by George A. Venn (Sheffield), A. Welsh (Chiswick), A. B. Somerville (Edmonton), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), Norman Birkett (Birmingham).

IV.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Gordon Fletcher, of 81, Kings Road, Erdington, Warwickshire, for the following:

FORTY YEARS OF "SPY." By Leslie Ward. (Chatto & Windus.)

The reader who expects to find here a record of diplomatic intrigue will be disappointed, for a misleading title covers a singularly interesting and human work. "Spy's" good-humoured reminiscences take the form of a long series of effective snapshots of some of the most remarkable people which the last half-century has known. Anecdote follows anecdote in delightful candour. Lewis Carroll's reticence, Lord Crewe's forgetfulness, and Lytton's oriental magnificence are sketched in glowing phrases, and the book is copiously adorned with many reproductions of the author's world-famous caricatures. Altogether, a charming and well-executed work.

We also select for printing:

POEMS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Done into English Verse by Bernard Miall. (Methuen.)

This book reminds one of Tolstoy's "What is Art?" in which several of Maeterlinck's poems are given as examples of the meaningless nebulosity of modern poetry. Harsh though this judgment may be, a perusal of the poems contained in this small volume only tends to confirm it. Possibly there are those of sufficiently keen spiritual insight who are able to discover Maeterlinck's meaning beneath his utterly bewildering symbolism, but for the average reader his poems will remain mere musical arrangements of words until someone supplies the key.

(Douglas Harrison, 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent.)

OLIVER. By B. Paul Neuman. (Smith, Elder.)

To the student of heredity, to the lover of boyhood, and to all who are especially conscious of the fallibility of human nature, Mr. Neuman's story of three generations will make its own appeal. Oliver the weakling, son of a strong-willed father and father of a strong-willed son, succeeds, in spite of his weakness, in winning our sympathy, not so much for his lovable qualities as for the repeated efforts he makes to win back his self-respect. "Trust life!" said the friend of his youth, and Oliver, trusting, redeems himself through paternal love in the very face of death.

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by F. Webster (Walworth), Miss Tucker (Leamington Spa), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), J. Macdonald (Bacup), James A. Richards (Tenby), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), H. Calvert (Vancouver Island, B.C.), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), A. L. Balasubramanican (Madras), G. E. Thompson (Highgate), D. O. Teale (Worcester Park), Arthur A. Wilson (Kilmarnock), A. A. W. Ward (Crosby), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Miss Blanch (Tilehurst), The Rev. R. H. A. Cotton (Ealing), Kate E. Samuels (Golders Green), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Nellie Baker (Abingdon), Muriel B. Aikman (London, S.W.), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Priv. H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington, W.).

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Mrs. Adams, of 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

MR. BALFOUR'S "ANALOGY OF RELIGION."*

(1) By Dr. William Barry.

I CAN imagine not a few ways, all different and all instructive, of commenting on this delightful book. Style is not argument, in philosophy at any rate. Yet there is no reason why deep thought should repel by its very expression. And though Mr. Balfour, who is distinguished by a rare simplicity in whatever he undertakes, would not dream of rivalling Berkeley's limpid prose or Hume's elegance, he manages a taking pen with persuasion in its turns, and with a gentle emphasis when the subject rises to ideal conclusions. He writes meditatively, yet never forgets that he is addressing an audience. It is laid upon him by the terms of the Gifford Lectures to speak not less than to think. Lectures, as such, I define to be an *argumentum ad hominem*. The hearer cannot be left out of account. Mr. Balfour is really pleading for a view which he holds, but which he would desire his Glasgow friends to share with him, from the first words to the last. That being so, how shall he proceed? He must discover a common ground; and, he argues, will it not be common sense, the truths acknowledged, acted upon, by any modern man, the foundation, as we all admit, even of the most abstruse modern science? In this way shall we not evade the metaphysician, who in the eyes of the crowd resembles an Indian juggler climbing up his own rope until he vanishes into thin air? Tell us that religion may be gained or assured by methods not less within our reach than those of science, or even identical with them, and we will listen. For we know that science is true.

I call this kind of argument "analogy," with direct reference to Bishop Butler and his immortal volume, so characteristic of the practical English mind. Butler, during an age of shallow Voltairian unbelief, insisted on "the analogy of religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature." From dealing with Revelation Mr. Balfour is precluded by the terms of the Gifford Lectures. And for him, as for Britons at large, Natural Religion involves Theism, a living, self-conscious personal God, who is a spirit, and who answers by mercy and judgment to the spirit in man. He holds Butler's creed; he recommends it by Butler's mode of reasoning carried one step in advance. The Bishop seems to argue that since we rightly submit to the order of nature, which is a fact, it is our duty to accept religion, where we shall find the same laws, principles, and mysteries exemplified of which that order is a manifestation.

* "Theism and Humanism." The Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow, 1914. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Camera portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Hilaire Belloc.

Now, it was long ago remarked, by William Pitt among others, and allowed by Cardinal Newman, that Butler's weapon is a two-edged sword, It may tell forcibly in favour of religion; but turn it round, by criticising the universe in the light of human ethics, and the result may be scepticism. I do not know if Mr. Balfour had this observation in view when he planned his campaign; he seems to be quite aware of the danger which lurks in all such analogical procedures, and he has guarded against it by a frank avowal of the situation. He takes the hearer into his confidence with a humility most unusual in polemics—for, however mild, he still comes out to do battle in the name of the Lord of Hosts. He relates the story of philosophic doubt, as it sprang up within him when a student at Oxford. Those were the high and palmy days of Mill, who resolved the whole of our knowledge into experience, and banished religion—so most of his disciples thought—from the land of certitude into the clouds and dreams of imagination. Science was the fruit of single known facts elaborated by induction into laws of nature, and on these laws we could safely rear systems, not metaphysical but empiric and proved. To Mr. Balfour, contemplating this triumphant philosophy, a whisper was brought (could it have been some far away echo of Kant?) provoking him to ask, "But how do you certify your experience? And how square the conclusions of science with premisses given to it by common sense?" Obviously, should we refuse in theory—we could not in practice—to accept experience as real and true, we should become sceptics on the instant. No man, not David Hume himself, was ever a genuine sceptic outside his library. The argument is but a reduction to the absurd of unsound positions. Certitude, resting on self-evident truths, or on inevitable assumptions, is our necessary portion. But Mill had entirely failed to show what that was on which the "uniformity of nature," his sheet-anchor, bit into the ground of certitude. His inductive science hung loose in the air. His logic became visibly an assumption. In short, the philosophy of experience could not, and to this day it cannot, defend its own presuppositions by appealing to experience alone.

This was the starting-point of Kant's earth-shaking problem. Mr. Balfour had the youth's happiness of coming upon it, fresh and fascinating, himself. He turned the sceptical or questioning method against Mill's empiricism that he might transcend both. And he took up the attitude which, for want of a better name, he terms "faith" or "inevitable belief." Granting that science is valid, that the uniformity of nature is in some adequate manner a true principle, he argues on behalf of Theism as exhibiting precisely the same sort of claims on our acceptance thanks to which we enjoy what science can bestow. But more remains behind. The motives, intellectual and instinctive, that our view of the physical universe implies, without which it could not be distinguished from a dream, are at last identical with religious postulates. As we grasp the world of matter, so do we find ourselves at home in the world of spirit. The parallel suggested by analogy, as Butler conceived of it, turns out to be an identity. Naturalism or Theism are the alternatives presented to us—a cosmic all-embracing process of unseeing causes, where design never enters and mind is merely a product, ephemeral as any other phase; or a seeing and knowing spirit to whom love and worship are due. Now, says Mr. Balfour, "the effect of my argument, for those who accept it, will be to link up a belief in God with all that is, or seems, most assured in knowledge, all that is, or seems, most beautiful in art or nature, all that is, or seems, most noble in morality." Evolution without God is, as a series of ideas, unintelligible; as a succession and combination of effects it is impossible.

"I preach no theory of knowledge," the lecturer says. He is not giving us "a metaphysic of the universe," having none to give. "A creed of some kind, religious or irreligious, is a vital necessity for all, not a speculative luxury for the few." By building on common sense and appealing to beliefs which are inevitable, whether we can reach their foundation consciously or not, he would establish religion, though its "metaphysic" were yet a problem. For do we not proceed thus in physics, biology, and even ethics? "It is true that Theism could never by such methods acquire a certitude either greater than, or independent of, the beliefs of science and common sense." The gain, even so, would be worth our strenuous effort. Let religion be as certain in men's judgment as their every-day beliefs about the laws of matter and of conduct, we should then have come out alive from the dreary defiles of Materialism and Agnosticism in which the nineteenth century lost itself. That generation, to which Mr. Balfour and his contemporaries belong, put this quarrel to the test of experience; it was, literally, "without God in the world." And ideals underwent an almost total eclipse. In art, in letters, in social and private behaviour, the symptoms of a widespread decadence betrayed a lowering of the motives with which our finest good had been hitherto bound up. Evolution, interpreted as a struggle for life, seemed not to need such motives; neither could it explain how they had ever come to be felt and acted upon. But their rejection made a difference. Something in man's nature wanted them, if the animal that feeds and multiplies did not. With wealth of illustration Mr. Balfour drives home this argument as it applies to things beautiful or esthetics, to the moral code or ethics, and to intellectual values which "Naturalism" might appear to leave intact. All that we chiefly regard as having worth for us had been, it would be thought in strict logic, no more than a by-product, unintended and negligible, of the selection called natural—in plain terms irrational, though successfully imitating contrivance. Summing the whole sharply, man the artist, poet, metaphysician, saint, was to the equation of nature evolved and evolving a superfluous entity, for whom no place was found in the series. I am not now quoting Mr. Balfour's words, yet I think his contention will not suffer if it be thrown into this shape. To protect Humanism we must have recourse to Theism. There is a "directing influence," a "Power that makes for truth," and surely too for righteousness, which our fathers called God.

I have tried to condense a large discourse into few lines, at the risk of doing some violence to its reasoning. In substance, I hope that my presentment is fair. Charmingly as Mr. Balfour writes, he is now and then obscure; his distinctions are often subtle, given as in a stage "aside"; and he demands as he will reward

a second or third reading. He moves on a ground which lies open between sceptic doubt and the metaphysics of reflection. But he is no doubter in fact, and he would not stand in the way of a metaphysician, did such a one greet him. For that which he brings to us we may well offer thanks; he has not laid the foundations of belief; but it will be hard to refute him when he argues that Natural Religion is at least as true as Natural Science, and that it commends itself to our credence on the like motives.

(2) BY PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT.*

The thesis of Mr. Balfour's argument comes to this: no theism, no humanism. It is not a new departure for him. In "The Foundations of Belief" he had contended twenty years ago that some such presupposition as "belief in a God who is not merely 'substance' or 'subject,' but is, in Biblical language, 'a living God,' . . . is not only tolerated, but is actually required, by science; that if it be accepted in the case of science, it can hardly be refused in the case of ethics, æsthetics, or theology." This is the germ of the present volume, but it has blossomed into a positive and even trenchant statement. He is as emphatic as before upon what God means to his philosophy. When he speaks of God in these lectures, and he often does, he explains that he means not a Unity or Identity, but "a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, a God who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences." The point of the argument is that such a God is necessary for the beauty, the knowledge, and the goodness which man instinctively values and presupposes in his working view of the world. To prove this, Mr. Balfour has to analyse the presuppositions of humanism in its various aspects—æsthetic, ethical, and intellectual. But the distinctive and daring feature of his method is that he takes these as he finds them in the plain man's creed, in the common-sense working beliefs about the world of men and things which, he insists, are inevitable, in the sense that they are acted upon in practice even by the metaphysicians who criticise them in theory.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.**

The immediate advantage of this procedure is that the writer comes close to his readers; for, while Mr. Balfour's pages will be scanned by the metaphysicians whom he depreciates, and by the advocates of Naturalism whom he derides in the one severe passage of his book, he is writing, as he lectured, to an audience whose philosophy of life is mainly implicit. Not that the printed lectures are line upon line, by any means. Their style has finish and compactness, but the matter is taxing, and the chapters on perception, probability, and causation, will take the plain man far beyond his depth. Tennyson says that when the Metaphysical Society was planned, "Knowles did not know a 'concept' from a hippopotamus," and yet in a month "he could chatter metaphysics with the best of us." Mr. Balfour does not intend the plain man who reads his pages to chatter metaphysics, but theories of being and knowledge occupy him in the middle of the book because he finds himself obliged, in analysing the issues of the plain man's creed, to show that it is inadequately served by current philosophies which ignore a theistic setting. The plain man's point of view, he declares, is based on beliefs which are "inevitable." That is, "an inevitable belief need not be self-evident, nor even, in the last analysis, self-consistent. It is enough that those who deem it in need of proof yet cannot prove it, and those who think it lacks coherence yet cannot harmonise it, believe it all the same." Mr. Balfour shows characteristic acuteness in warding off objections to this category of inevitableness, but his exposition still leaves something to be desired, and probably his fellow-philosophers will fasten upon this assumption as a point of attack. Still, it commends itself to the ordinary man. He can understand what a philosopher means who tells him that belief in God is not something which can be left out of a general view of the universe with impunity, but that it is bound up with our common faith in goodness, love, beauty, and truth. When a Gifford lecturer of Mr. Balfour's eminence undertakes to prove this, unphilosophic persons who are on the side of the angels are not only prepared to listen as best they can, but to wish him well in his enterprise. He enlists their sympathies at the very outset, by his method as well as by his aim

The impressiveness of the argument is heightened also by the obvious sincerity of the writer. Mr. Balfour is a dialectician. In political debate he is reputed to

* "Theism and Humanism: Being the Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow, 1914." By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.A., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

have a deadly faculty for detecting the weak points in any scheme proposed by his opponents, and this gift leads a statesman to enjoy himself at times in destructive criticism or in the agile, negative exposure of whatever is submitted to his mind. But the present volume of Gifford lectures is different from intellectual displays of that order. We have not in these pages a philosopher and statesman playing with the topic of religion which the Gifford Foundation perennially offers to distinguished savants. The lecturer is not a Hal o' the Wynd, joining in the fight for his own hand, for the sheer joy of wielding his weapons. He is evidently handling what is vital to himself, and what he considers to be vital to a genuine religious outlook upon the world. The care with which the lectures have been re-written, amid the pressure of public responsibilities, and the anxiety with which he has endeavoured to anticipate objections to several turns of his argument, are evidence of the conviction and responsibility with which he has taken his vocation. This comes out especially in the discussion of knowledge, where he rightly considers that his views will meet with more opposition than in the departments of ethic and æsthetic. To Mr. Balfour, Naturalism is the foe of foes, and the exceptional attention which he has paid to its claims before dismissing them is a proof of the serious spirit pervading his entire discussion.

The book is a series of discussions, almost bewildering in their range, variety, and intellectual penetration, but intended to illustrate the initial thesis and to lead up to the cumulative conclusion that it is unphilosophic in the highest degree to assume that "we possess in the general body of common-sense assumptions and scientific truths a creed self-sufficing and independent, to which we may add at our pleasure Theism, in such doses as suit our intellectual palate." Or, to put the matter positively, and to put it in the words with which he closes the book: "God must not be thus treated as an entity, which we may add to, or subtract from, the sum of things scientifically known as the canons of induction may suggest. He is Himself the condition of scientific knowledge. If He be excluded from the casual series which produces beliefs, the cognitive series which justifies them is corrupted at the root. And as it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest lustre, so these great truths of æsthetics and ethics are but half-truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the works of reason have their source in God; that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency." This leaves us with a sense that we still want further argument. We ask a fuller definition of what Mr. Balfour means by his "theism." We would like to know more exactly how he defines it in relation to personality, and how it works out in connection with the relation of religious faith to revelation. When the stress of war is over, it is to be hoped that his political engagements will not prevent him from giving another series of Gifford lectures which will elaborate these points. Meantime, it is much that he has been able to enrich our literature with this real contribution to the philosophy of religion. I had almost written, to the defence of religion, and of the Christian religion. The terms of the Gifford Foundation do not include that. But, to all intents and purposes, that is what Mr. Balfour has given us, and what he has said entitles us to believe that he has more to say.

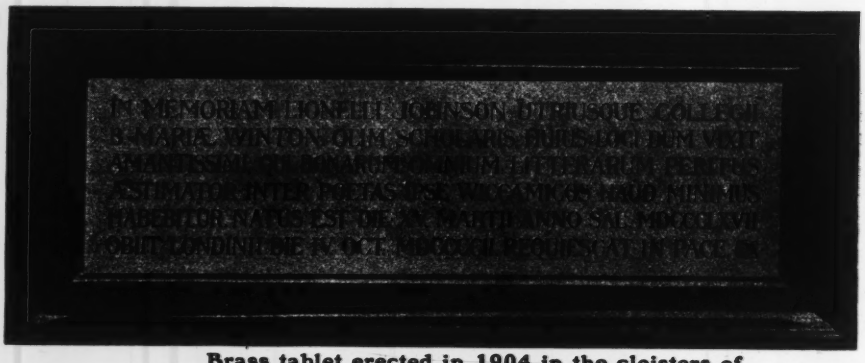
The book is scattered with apt, crisp sayings. These are caustic, now and then, particularly when Leslie Stephen's agnosticism is on the horizon. They are fair criticisms, fair with the deadly equity of a thinker who does not require to score cheap victories by rhetoric and epigram. Almost the only remark against which I should be inclined to put a query is the statement that "no man has ever yet been moved to do anything at all" for the sake of an Absolutist philosophy. What about Spinoza?

LIONEL JOHNSON.*

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

LIONEL JOHNSON'S poetry seems to be in no danger of being forgotten. While he lived he had his select circle of lovers and admirers. His editor, Mr. Ezra Pound—Lionel would have smiled his wry, sweet little smile at the choice—says that his friends, with the sole exception of Mr. Yeats, regard him as a prose-writer strayed into poetry, and proceeds to hang on that alleged opinion some odd ideas regarding Lionel Johnson's place in poetry. However, the matter is the poetry itself, and not the criticism of the editor. I do not believe that his friends regarded him as Mr. Pound suggests, and I happen to be of his close friends and of the inner circle of his friends.

It was probably against his poetry with the general reader that it was so severely classical. It was very



Brass tablet erected in 1904 in the cloisters of Winchester College by Wykehamists and literary friends.
From "The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson" (Elkin Mathews).

* "Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson." 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

intellectual poetry. It had the grand manner which tends to coldness, and he wrote at a moment when the lyric was on every bard's lips. Perhaps that was why he wrote such stately poetry. Perhaps it was useful in a sense, that cool, clarifying note, when all the streams and rills of poetry were running freshets. In many of his poems he did certainly affect an Eighteenth Century style; he adopted openly many of its mannerisms. These poems have the charm of personality. The little, wise, aloof dignity of the poet was in them. He was "old-fashioned" in days when the adjective stood for restraint, for high-mindedness, for fastidiousness. But he was not always "old-fashioned" in the critic's sense.

Such a poem as "To Morfydd," with its haunting refrain:

"Oh what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes,"

has the true lyrical passion and impulse. I remember once saying to Lionel Johnson: "What a beautiful word wind is!" He said: "Yes—and what a beautiful thing!" You will find the wind very often in Lionel's poems, and that fact, I think, disposes of the formality and preciseness ascribed to him by the casual critic.

He had a certain exquisite sense of fitness, and he had a natural affinity with, and love for, ancient and venerable things. When they came into his poetry, if he could not see them exactly with a contemporary vision, he yet contrived to see them through a contemporary medium. It was no mere trick of artificiality which made him write of London, of Oxford, of Winchester, not from the point of view of the nineteenth century, but with a realisation of all the associations of the times gone by which have made these places fair and fragrant in age beyond anything youth can give. His certainly was no inflexible gift. If he sang of Winchester you felt the golden glory upon the place as it accrued from the beginning. You saw it with the eyes of the imaginative Wykehamist, not of to-day or yesterday, but of the years and the centuries, himself a part of the growth and the fragrance. He had certain passionate loyalties. With him passion was always lofty. If he wrote religious poems he seemed to fall unconsciously into the mood of the Mediæval Church, as he fell into his Church Latin. If he wrote of Ireland, another loyalty, his note changed completely. It became simpler: no longer was there anything of the cloister in it. Many Celtic strains met in him. All were chastened and clarified—I use the eighteenth century word advisedly—by his love for the classics. All his associations were with classical minds and places.

Lionel Johnson.

From a hitherto unpublished portrait taken at New College, Oxford, 1889. From "The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson" (Elkin Mathews).

Yet the cold Latin tradition had little to do with the songs he sang of passions and emotions.

He loved England while he loved Ireland, Wales and Cornwall. When I knew him first, nothing delighted him so much as to go "stepping Westward" from London, on long solitary walks through England and Wales and Cornwall. His mind was susceptible to all shades of beauty. The garden-like beauty of England, her woods and pastures, her lovely villages and commons and manor-houses and ancient churches, the old comfortable towns with their beautiful gabled buildings, all delighted him. He gives us reports of it in the poem dedicated to Charles Furse, "In England"; in "Bagley Wood"; in "Summer Storm," and many another.

"These joys and such as these
Are England's and are mine;
Within the English seas
My days have been divine,"

he sings, and certainly the beauty of England awakes some of his fullest and richest harmonies. His vocabulary was not a cold or a prim one. He had not been over-Latinised, although he used to shake his head over Francis Thompson's riot of words. In such a poem as "Summer Storm" he touches real enchantment, as in "Bagley Wood" he reaches the height of stately magnificence, as he does in "Sancta Silvarum."

"O Servants of one Will!
Stars in their courses,
Flowers in their fragrance, in their music
Winged winds, and lightnings in their fierceness,
These are the world's magnalities and splendours;
At touch of these the adoring spirit renders
Glory and praise and passionate silence."

There are certain poems of Lionel Johnson's which should live, and live by reason of their loftiness, their pure passion, their uplifted ecstasy. I should like to select the poems by which I would have him known. Any such list must include "By the Statue of King Charles"—characteristically he was a Jacobite—the Morfydd poems, "Glories," "In Falmouth Harbour," "Mystic and Cavalier," "Plato in London," "The Dark Angel," "The Last Music," and the lyrical "Winchester" poem, which holds within it the very secret of such old, lovely places. I would also make room for "The Coming of War," strangely apposite to 1914. In one way Lionel Johnson would have hated war, for it would have disturbed the orderliness he loved. On the other hand, there was so much of the knightly spirit in his slender body that he must have been uplifted. He might have been writing in 1914, or the vision was upon him:

"This was the meaning of those plenteous years,
Those unarmed years, of peace unbroken.

Flashing War crowns them! Now War's trump hath spoken
This final glory in our ears.
The old blood of our pastoral fathers now
Riots about our heart, and through our brow:
Their sons can have no fears.

This was our whispering and haunting dream,
When cornfields flourished red and golden,
When vines hung purple, nor could be witholden
The radiant outburst of their stream.
Earth cried to us that all her laboured store
Was ours: that she had more to give and more—
For nothing, did we deem?

Gather the people! Let the battle break!
A hundred peaceful years are over.
Now march each man to battle as a lover.
For him whom Death shall overtake,
Sleeping upon this field about his gloom,
Voices shall pierce to thrill his sacred tomb
With pride for his great sake.

With melody about us; heart and feet
Responding to one mighty measure,
Glad with the splendour of a holy pleasure,
Swayed one and all, as wind sways wheat;
Answering the sunlight with our eyes aglow,
Serene and proud and passionate we go
Through airs of morning sweet."

He was of a race of soldiers, and the war would have kindled him. His was essentially an aristocratic mind in the sense that choice things appealed to it. The air of his poetry is lofty and serene. Oddly enough, of late years he seems to have found an American audience, the last audience he could have anticipated. His prose and his poetry have now found American editors, and not the American editor he would have chosen—his friend and kindred spirit, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. I can see the whimsical wrinkling of his face if he could have foreseen an editor who writes of "Christiana" Rossetti—and not only once.

New Books.

THE ESSENTIAL KIPLING.*

This little book will scarcely increase Mr. Palmer's reputation. It is a somewhat desultory performance, and its touches of sound criticism are rather lost in the general confusion. The author may have spent quite a long time in composing it; but it has the air of a little book written in a great hurry. Really, these extended essays (for such books are no more) require most careful concoction. You can blunder about in a treatise, and scarcely anyone will notice it; but in a booklet you must be deft and precise. Mr. Palmer should have regarded his present published matter as the mere diagram of a book. Having written this, he should have said: "This, roughly, is how my essay should go; nothing now remains but to write it."

I hope I do not appear unkind in dwelling on this point. I feel that something needs to be said, not specially to Mr. Palmer, but to all the authors of the many little books that publishers have competed in producing of late. It seems to me that a big book and a little book differ, not merely in degree, but in kind. If you write a big book about a popular author you give the reader much information, many facts, a wealth of detail. You give quantity. In a little book you cannot pretend to do anything of the sort. You have to atone for the absence of quantity. You must give quality. Now quality is just what Mr. Palmer's book seems to lack. I will give him a sort of easy proof. Let him re-read his pages and see how often he anticipates his points—how often he tells us that he is going to tell us something later on. The prose symphonist should be above that; he should leave it to the programme annotator.

Mr. Palmer's handling of his subject can be illustrated by a single quotation:

> "The real reason of Mr. Kipling's false fame as a politician is, not that he is an Imperial pamphleteer, but that, writing for the Army and the Empire, he fails to be a pamphleteer on the other side. His detachment, not his partiality, is at fault.
>
> "Mr. Kipling's detachment from the politics of his day explains virtually everything that has offended his modern critics. Almost the first thing to realise in discussing Mr. Kipling's attitude to modern life is that Mr. Kipling has kept absolutely clear of the political and social drift of the last thirty years. He has been conspicuously out of everything."

This is startling, not to say staggering. It is not—at least I think it is not—an attempt at paradox. It is simply false. No one will deny it more hotly than Mr. Kipling himself. Last year, for instance, Mr. Kipling was the star orator at a great anti-Home-Rule demonstration held at Tunbridge Wells, and made an attack on the personal honesty of the Liberal Ministers, accusing them, and Mr. Lloyd George especially, of that worst of crimes, poverty, and roundly asserting that the main requisite in a statesman was not brains or genius or talent or conscience, but a large private income. How, precisely, is that sort of thing to be taken as "keeping absolutely clear of the political drift"? Mr. Kipling plainly meant to be not merely in the drift, but in the full current of modern political hooliganism, and might by now have been no better than the worst, if the war had not intervened to save him from fouling his own reputation. Mr. Palmer's choice of terms in this matter of Mr. Kipling's politics is plainly unhappy; yet I believe that his intention is thoroughly good, and that he is trying to indicate a very serious mistake in the general estimate of Mr. Kipling's genius.

Let us see if we can make the matter any clearer. If you stopped the first dozen men you met in Whitehall and asked them wherein they thought the importance of Mr. Kipling lay, you would get varying replies all amounting roughly to this, that Mr. Kipling is a great Imperialist, that he stands for an efficient Army and a big Navy, and a close, operative union between Great Britain and the Oversea Dominions. Now all that is totally wrong. That is not the importance of Mr. Kipling. It is the importance of very much smaller writers. If Mr. Kipling's main concern had been to boom the Services and the Dominions, he would not have gained the highly remunerative popularity that has been his for the last five-and-twenty years. The importance of Mr. Kipling is of quite a different order. It is this: that he is a highly-gifted writer of fiction. That may sound a truism; but, after all, a truism is a truth that has to be constantly repeated; and the simple truth about Mr. Kipling is that he is not an unofficial High Commissioner for all quarters of the Empire, but a very clever man of letters, a born master of literary craft. The genius of Mr. Kipling lies not in fact but in fiction.

And so in the sentence we have quoted from Mr. Palmer there is a great deal of truth. All that Mr. Kipling may appear to be in Imperial politics, all that Mr. Kipling may think himself to be in Imperial politics, must be regarded as subsidiary to the main fact that he is an accomplished teller of tales. What bewitches the reader of Mr. Kipling is not his Imperialism, but simply his art. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle does not write stories about Sherlock Holmes because he is a detective, but because he is a novelist; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling does not write

* "Rudyard Kipling." By John Palmer. 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

stories about India and poems about the Services because he is an Imperialist, but because he is a man of letters. That is the main proposition about Mr. Kipling, and we must hold to it very clearly.

What Mr. Kipling does with his art comes up for secondary consideration. In general we may say that he holds a brief for the keen official against the ignorant civilian, and that he has every right to do so if he wishes. Some people pretend to believe that the artist must not write from a brief, that he must not state a case, and certainly must not argue it. Thus Tolstoy is not an artist because he wrote to re-affirm primitive Christian principles. Ibsen is not an artist because he wrote to demolish certain moral hypocrisies. Bernard Shaw is not an artist because he writes to attack the existing social order. And so on. Now it is remarkable that the people who assert this most loudly are precisely those who praise Mr. Kipling for his Imperialism and his Militarism—for his propaganda, that is, and not for his art; and, conversely, most of those who decry Mr. Kipling's art are those who really dislike, not his art at all, but his point of view. Any sound criticism of Mr. Kipling must keep a sharp distinction between the two. Mr. Palmer is constantly on the verge of this necessary separation, but he does not quite accomplish it; and I feel sure he could accomplish it if he cared to try.

We have no space at the moment for any general discussion here. One or two points, however, may be very briefly indicated. In his early work, Mr. Kipling (as a young man will) too often mistook brutality for strength. As a matter of fact, brutality is weakness. It is the small boy, not the strong man, who likes stories full of blood. Indeed, the favourite fiction of the weakest boys is that which is called precisely the "penny blood." Mr. Kipling showed an early tendency to "bloods," but he seems now to have lost it entirely. Mr. Kipling's real inhumanity is of quite a different order. He is interested not so much in man as in man's work, and his zeal for efficiency makes him draw embodiments of energy rather than real human beings. His hero for the moment is always a perfect workman after his kind. Thus Ortheris has to be not merely a soldier, but the smartest of soldiers, and a crack shot. Mulvaney has to be not merely a humbug, but a colossal humbug. Pyecroft has to be not merely a sailor, but the super-handyman. Disko Troop has to be not merely a fisherman, but the very best fisherman on the Banks, and his boat the finest craft there. It has been urged against Mr. Kipling that his lively interest in machinery has betrayed him into giving them a kind of life and entity. That strikes me as being rather a merit than a defect. The real defect of Mr. Kipling is not that he makes his machines like human beings, but that he makes his human beings like machines. However, his children atone for his grown-ups. With years he has discovered the beauty of little things. Dan and Una and the Brushwood Boy will live when the bloody chops of the "Mark of the Beast" are happily forgotten. His art has gained as he has ceased to be Imperial and become parochial; he is at his best, not when he takes all India as his province, but when he takes a corner of Sussex as his parish. In short, he will be remembered, not as an Imperialist, but as a fabulist; not as an apostle of Cecil Rhodes, but as a successor of Hans Andersen.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE IDEALIST.*

Facing the title-page of this volume is a list of Mr. Wells's writings, classified under various headings, including novels, fantastic and imaginative romances, and books on social and political questions. It is a little difficult to decide under which of these groups to place "The Research Magnificent." It is a novel, yet not a novel. It is a character-study, but not merely that. It is a politico-sociological treatise or analysis, and something more. In this book Mr. Wells is a novelist in the sense that Sterne was one, and "The Research Magnificent" is a novel only if "Tristram Shandy" can be so described. Anyhow, it is a work of fiction—if a work of fiction may be half truth and half imagination, as, indeed, it can be.

The hero of "The Research Magnificent," one William Porphyry Benham, is very evidently the child of his parents. His father, once a man with ideas, has become the proprietor of a preparatory school, and had suited himself in that capacity; his mother was a pretty, shallow sensualist, who deserted her husband for a lover, and, her lover dying as the divorce proceedings ended, married a wealthy and famous surgeon, and became a figure in London society, which, in selfish deference to the great man's skill in performing a certain intricate operation, resolutely closed its eyes to her delinquency. Young Benham had the defects of the qualities of both his mother and his father. We sympathise with him from the outset; and presently love him for his failure. He is so very, very human—as human as those whimsical creations of the author, Kipps or Mr. Polly. An idealist, too weak to pursue his ideals; a man of resolution, too wayward even to persevere with, much less to achieve, his resolves; a dreamer, always being awakened by realities. He might stand as an epitome of the futility of human aspirations.

"Benham had an incurable, an almost innate persuasion that he had to live nobly and thoroughly," our author informs us. It was his object to be that true aristocrat of life who is superior to mundane emotions, who lives for his soul and for the benefit of his kind. His first effort as a boy was to conquer fear, and the Prelude, "On Fear and Aristocracy," is the best part of the book. With an effort of courage he tells his comrades that he does not believe in God, and when they express their conviction that he will be struck dead, he retorts: "You show a poor idea of your God if you think he'd kill a schoolboy for honest doubt." He deliberately crosses a field in which there is an aggressive bull—and on reaching the fence he is sick. At the university he, who has never driven, takes out a high dog-cart with a very fresh horse. After the first accident, his companion, Billy Prothero, gets down, and Benham finishes his wild career by himself. How magnificent it was we learn later:

"The claim for the motor-bicycle isn't sent in yet. The repair of the mudguards of the car is in dispute. Trinity Hall's crockery, the plate-glass window, the whiplash and wheel, and so forth, the hire of the horse and trap, sundry gratuities. . . . I doubt if the total will come to very much under fifty pounds. And I seem to have lost a hat somewhere."

There is a coldness between the friends for a while; then complete reconciliation.

"'If I miss another drive may I be—lost for ever,' said Billy, with the utmost sincerity. 'Never more will I get down, Benham, wherever you may take me. Short of muffing my fellowship I'm with you always. . . . Will it be an American trotter?'

"'It will be the rawest, gauntest, ungainliest brute that ever scared the motor-bicycles on the Northampton road. It will have the legs and stride of an ostrich. It will throw its feet out like dealing cards. It will lift its head and look the sun in the eye like a vulture. It will have teeth like the English spinster in a French comic paper. . . . And we will fly.'

"'I shall enjoy it very much,' said Prothero, in a small voice after an interval for reflection. 'I wonder where we shall fly? It will do us both a lot of good. And I shall insure my life for a small amount in my mother's interest. . . . Benham, I think I will, after all, take a whiskey. . . . Life is short.'"

Benham, however, never really gets well started on his quest. First one thing and then another retards him. He is just on the verge of beginning, and he is lured to his temporary destruction by an attractive syren of doubtful respectability. With an effort he closes that incident, and begins again, only again at the outset of his voyage of discovery to be brought to earth through the weakness—or the strength—of his physical desires, which this time tumble him into the bonds of holy matrimony. He is animal—the girl frankly animal too; but when after a time his ideals reassert themselves, he discovers, alas! that the

* "The Research Magnificent." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

ideals he had read into his wife's character were non-existent. On a third beginning, he is interrupted by an attack of measles! His fourth adventure is closed by his death in a street riot.

The story of "The Research Magnificent" is conspicuous by its absence. That is to say, it is told mainly and in detail in those portions of the book which Mr. Wells has not written. But it is not for the tale that this volume will be read, nor for the characterisation, nor, for the matter of that, for its humour or its pathos, nor even for its literary style. It will be read for its charm, for its individuality, for the personality, which everywhere from the first page to the last, pervades it.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

A POET'S LONDON.*

It is strange but true that Londoners will not read books about London. Indeed, it would seem that Londoners are not interested in themselves, that they are ashamed of being themselves. Call a Londoner a Cockney, and as likely as not he will protest that he is not really a Cockney, that his grandfather was an Irishman or a Scotsman, and that his mother came from Willesden when Willesden was all cornfields. This, of course, is rather splendid of the Londoner. If he liked he could brag of this city of the world in a way that would turn a Peebles man green with envy. But he doesn't. Neither does he patronise other towns he may visit, as provincials patronise this poor little metropolis of ours. Curious, this; but "curiouser and curiouser" is the fact that Londoners are so indifferent to the claims of London that they do not take the trouble to know her. There is no ignorance so abysmal as the Londoner's ignorance of London. He knows Brighton, or even Blackpool, far better, and is much more at home in the Isle of Man than in the Isle of Dogs. There are innumerable Blue-books about London, and topographical studies, and volumes of antiquarian research; but books about London as it is are few indeed. Even our novelists fight shy of it; or, if they give us London at all, they give it condescendingly or rallyingly, never—or very, very seldom—sympathetically. Since Dickens there has been no author to write about London as if he loved it.

And that is the outstanding quality of Mr. Thomas Burke's book. He loves London. He loves every bit of it, even the bits that he thinks he hates. He loves it as a true husband loves his wife, with all her imperfections; he may secretly disapprove of her accent or the way she does her hair; but if she talked otherwise, if she did her hair as the admirable woman next-door does hers, she would instantly become less dear to him because she would become less her inimitable self. Therefore I refuse to believe that Mr. Burke, if he could, would really do away with Kensington or Bayswater or the Kingsland Road neighbourhood, however fiercely he may inveigh against them. I am sure that London, shorn of any of its parts or in anywise altered, would lose something of its charm for him. And herein I speak perhaps from a longer—though not a larger—experience of London. It has been my tragic fate to witness the metamorphosis of London. Many parts of London that I once knew as familiarly as I know my own right hand have disappeared utterly; and those are the parts that I now love best of all, though whilst they were still in existence I may have loathed them.

I have said above that Cockneys are prone to protest too much that they are not really Cockneys; and even Mr. Burke is not entirely free from this fault: the only fault I have to find with him in this connection. Once or twice, as it were casually, he hints that there is some strain of alien blood in him . . . as of course there must be, or he could never write about London in the wholly delightful way he does. With considerable pains and at vast expense I have acquired a little library of London books that I hold very precious, but none more precious than this book will be to me henceforth. For Mr. Burke has presented me with yet another new London to set beside all the other Londons presented to me by all the other writers about London. He sees London as a man sees a woman for the first time, in all the incomparable splendour of her womanhood. Her charm is inexhaustible. Each day, each hour, each minute, discovers new graces and beauties in her, so that the more you know her the less you understand her, and the less likely you are to get tired of her.

Then, if a woman loves you as you love her, she mirrors you, reflects you. And so it is with London. You cannot write about London without writing about yourself. Thus, in every page of this book, you catch glimpses of the author, not as in a glass darkly, but very clearly indeed. And it is not always in the frankly autobiographical passages that he is most radiantly revealed. He is revealed throughout in every fresh mood that takes him as he passes from phase to phase of his theme. I think it is, perhaps, this brave egoism of his that makes his book such a very fine achievement. There are many hideous phrases beloved of critics, and among the most hideous is Human Interest. But just as we know that a copper may mean a policeman as well as a thing to boil dirty clothes in, so we know from use and wont what Human Interest means. It means that power of expressing emotion, which is the supreme test of artistry. And Mr. Burke possesses that power in almost poignant excess. He is not content merely to tell you things about London, he makes you feel the throb of London in your pulses, the heat and the riot, the chill and the slow stillness of London, in your blood. You are not just looking at London, under his guidance, you are entering into London's most holy of holies with him, you are piercing her heart, you are searching out her very soul.

It is long since I have read a book which has so thrilled and stirred me, and at the same time so satisfied me, as this book. You see, I know my London too well to be easily stirred by, or even much interested in, the usual pot-boiling stuff that is smeared over my beloved city. But Mr. Burke is a man after my own heart. He has not only mastered the difficult art of seeing things for himself and thinking his own thoughts about them, he has mastered the still more difficult art of saying what he wants to say in a way that wins you not merely by the witchery of words, but by the passionate spirit infusing them. This is not everybody's London that he shows you; it is a poet's London, viewed through the temperament and inspired by those delicate twin senses of seemliness and proportion which are of the essence of literature.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "Nights in Town." By Thomas Burke. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

THE SOUL OF A TEACHER.*

Usually when the school teacher tries his hand at fiction he writes about anything but schooling; possibly because he has grown to look upon that as a mechanical, unromantic subject that lends itself only to formal treatment in pamphlets, or in books of a strictly educational character. Sometimes he will give us a tale of school life written from the boy's standpoint; his own schooldays perhaps wear in remembrance a halo of romance; but I do not at the moment recall any book in which he has woven a story out of his own experiences as a schoolmaster. This is what Mr. Roger Wray has done in "The Soul of a Teacher." How much of the story is fact and how much fiction one can but guess, but that it is imaginatively true to the life it presents, and that a great deal of it, if not most of it, is actual autobiography there can be very little doubt.

Beginning with some vivid sketches of Alan Clay's childhood, Mr. Wray follows him to Wellington Grammar School, where he goes with a scholarship; through his training as a pupil teacher, till the time when he develops into a master in a County Council elementary school. He does not present Alan as any conventional schoolmaster whose heart and mind are decorously subdued to the charted formalities of his calling; he shows him as an

* "The Soul of a Teacher." By Roger Wray. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

essentially human creature, who drifts into one or two harmless flirtations, once falls wildly and romantically in love, and is chilled and disillusioned by the narrow, fanatical religious views of the girl he had romantically idealised; and is, at length, drawn into a mistaken, hampering marriage, and then meets with the girl—a delightfully frank, unsuburban, intelligent girl—with whom he might have been happy. Nevertheless, though you feel his marriage was a blunder; that he was the captive in it rather than the conqueror; your sympathies are as much for his wife as for him—she is so honest, after she has come to love him, in warning him that her mother, his landlady, was scheming for their marriage; and after they are married she is so piteously conscious of her ignorance, so anxious to be interested in all that interests him.

The story has a two-fold spell. It holds you with its strongly realised narrative of Alan Clay's inner life, his hopes, ambitions, loves, joys, sufferings as a human being who is incidentally a school-teacher; and with its intimate study of the monotonous mechanism, the stultifying routine and disciplinarian futilities of our educational system. Is there no way of instilling knowledge into children but by making them repeat words and facts over and over until they know them, as we teach new words to a parrot? The path of learning should be as interesting, as full of variety and wonder as a voyage of discovery into new worlds, but we make it such a stony, arid, unattractive way that still, as in Shakespeare's day, the schoolboy goes unwillingly to school. That last is in itself a sufficient condemnation of our uninspired and uninspiring methods. The student is sternly driven to memorise the thoughts of others, instead of being prompted to think for himself; instead of cultivating the youthful mind and encouraging it to develop naturally, as flowers do, we cram it into a standardised mould and sacrifice individuality to a universal pattern. You may think Mr. Wray's indictment too severe, too extreme, but I fancy it is some general underlying consciousness of the truth as he sees it that has helped to make teaching, as he says it is, the least respected of all the professions.

The ability and power of the book are undeniable. The various schoolmasters in Mr. Wray's gallery are admirably drawn; so, too, are the women of the story; there is humour as well as insight in his characterisations. "The Soul of a Teacher" is a first novel, and one of the freshest and most promising first novels that have come to us of recent years.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE THREE STAGES OF POETRY.*

It is dull and thankless work to lay down rules and formulas for poetry, if only because the divine Muse declines to be imprisoned in the cell of theory, and has an irresistible way of eluding her pursuers at the last turn. Yet, at the risk of controversy, it may perhaps be suggested that it is possible to distinguish three principal stages in the evolution of poetry, corresponding to the main divisions into which the poetic activities of any generation may be directed. And the first or primitive stage is one of mere registration. The most elementary form of poetry, that is to say, is content to record what it sees, barely and without decoration. The only colour which it permits itself is the colour of the temperament which registers the impression, and one temperament will be realistic, whilst another is idyllic. This distinction apart, the most primitive form of poetry deals in bare impressions, and the barer the impression the more primitively sincere the method.

Few schools of poetry, however, are content to remain for long at such an elementary stage; and to the poetry of registration there succeeds the romantic method, which elaborates its vision, clothes it in fancy and imagery, and grows the truer to its art the more it adds to the variety and subtlety of its suggestion. Finally, the philosophic or spiritual school of poetry sets the coping-stone upon the poet's achievement, by bringing in the aid of intellect to complete the work of fancy, moralising the idea, pointing the universal element which underlies every individual emotion, and attempting something, however elementary, in that perpetual reconciliation between the soul and its environment which will always remain the chief concern of literature. Each of these stages in the evolution of poetry has its own virtue and significance; but it would hardly be questioned by any instructed lover of verse that spiritual or philosophic poetry represents the highest exercise of which the human brain is capable.

Curiously enough, the three little volumes of poetry now under consideration fit rather neatly into these three ascending stages of poetic practice. I would not go so far as to say that Mr. Cecil Roberts (who upon this occasion represents the third stage) should rank in his natural equipment as a truer poet than Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, who is here for once occupied with purely representational poetry of the elementary stage. But the critic can only upon the single occasion take into reckoning the single performance under discussion, and Mr. Gibson has certainly in his little book of "Battle" got down to the barest elements of which poetry can be composed:

"We ate our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorp played full-back instead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head
And cursed, and took the bet; and dropped back dead.
We ate our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead."

Remembering earlier verse more characteristic of Mr. Gibson's temperament, it is permissible to doubt whether he would ever have made experiments of this kind but for the alluring example of Mr. John Masefield; but the thing is certainly done with great vigour, absolute clarity

Mr. Cecil Roberts.

* "Battle." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Songs of the Fields." By Francis Ledwidge. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"The Youth of Beauty." By Cecil Roberts. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

of vision, and the most stringent economy of material and of artifice.

"The night I left my father said:
'You'll go and do some stupid thing.
You've no more sense in that fat head
Than Silly Billy Witterling.

'Not sense to come in when it rains—
Not sense enough for that, you've got.
You'll get a bullet through your brains,
Before you know, as like as not.'

And now I'm lying in the trench
And shells and bullets through the night
Are raining in a steady drench,
I'm thinking the old man was right."

It is hardly possible to imagine the "stuff" of poetry reduced to a more modest denomination; and yet somehow the impression of a poetic mind at work upon its surroundings, emerges from the crude description, and leaves a haunting picture upon the memory.

Mr. Francis Ledwidge is an Irish peasant, discovered by Lord Dunsany upon the banks of the Boyne, and his discoverer justly claims that he has the secret of poetry in his heart. He, too, is a descriptive writer, with little except vision at his disposal, but he steps into the second stage by merit of an extraordinarily sensitive gift for imagery. Everything that he sees is described in terms of similitude; he is perpetually elaborating his impressions, and his elaboration is often arrestingly fresh and stimulating. The rain is "like angel's tears of pity." "The windy evening drops a grey old eyelid." "In the red west the twisted moon is low." Every touch is unexpected and yet surprisingly true. Mr. Ledwidge has no metrical variety; but he nevertheless achieves a continuous and rich melody of unfailing charm. His poetry is almost entirely lacking in direct spiritual interpretation; yet the melancholy of the countryside infuses it with a strange suggestiveness, which is continually fluttering upon the borderland of the interpretative art.

"The censer of the eglantine was moved
By little lane winds, and the watching faces
Of garden flowerets, which of old she loved,
Peep shyly outward from their silent places.
But when the sun arose the flowers grew bolder,
And she will be in white, I thought, and she
Will have a cuckoo on her either shoulder,
And woodbine twines and fragrant wings of pea.

And I will meet her on the hills of South,
And I will lead her to a northern water,
My wild one, the sweet beautiful uncouth,
The eldest maiden of the Winter's daughter.
And down the rainbows of her noon shall slide
Lark music, and the little sunbeam people,
And nomad wings shall fill the river side,
And ground winds rocking in the lily's steeple."

Imagery is here assiduously at work, embroidering the scene with fancy; and the song of birds—always a favourite inspiration with this particular poet—seems to lift the singer into the realm of natural, spontaneous expression of an evanescent but universal mood.

"Within the oak a throb of pigeon wings
Fell silent, and grey twilight hushed the fold,
And spiders' hammocks swung on half-oped things
That shook like foreigners upon our cold.
A gipsy lit a fire and made a sound
Of moving tins, and from an oblong moon
The river seemed to gush across the ground
To the cracked metre of a marching tune.

And then three syllables of melody
Dropped from a blackbird's flute, and died apart
Far in the dewy dark. No more but three,
Yet sweeter music never touched a heart
'Neath the blue domes of London. Flute and reed,
Suggesting feelings of the solitude
When will was all the Delphi I would heed,
Lost like a wind within a summer wood
From little knowledge where great sorrows brood."

There is imagination here, playing with vision, of a kind quite beyond the reach of Mr. Cecil Roberts, the third of our poets, and yet Mr. Roberts approaches the most nearly of the three to that spiritual interpretation which is the ultimate goal of all that is best in poetry. Like the lady of his own devotion, he understands something of the hidden secrets of Nature.

"She opens up a wonderland
Wherein we daily tread:
The lily is a mystery
On which her soul has fed;
She knows the secret of each flower
Like any woodland elf,
And tells me every secret, save
The secret of herself—
And that I shall not crave; enough
For me, in wonder bright,
She moves, the lady of my love,
A vision of delight."

The loneliness of the poet's heart has been revealed to him, the austerity of the poet's quest, and the abiding consolation which triumphs over all the neglect and callousness of the crowd. The poem which gives its name to the volume is an allegory of the poet's life, passing disregarded through a world supremely busy with its own concerns, and contentedly deaf to the quiet influence of the poet's message.

"On thro' the gate of the City, he went towards the height
That gathered about its summit the battlements of night:
His song passed into the silence from whence it came to men—
The passionate Song of Beauty they never will hear again.

The gold of the earth they garner, the woes of toil are theirs.
Famine, Oppression and Sorrow come with the wearying years,
Dreams they are fain to purchase, for dreams and rest they weep—
But the Youth of Beauty returns not from over the Hills of Sleep."

Each of the poets here considered has his own word for the world: the preference is a matter of the reader's temperament. Realism is here; the pure idyll; and the interpretation of dreams. There are different gifts, but the same spirit. Yet if high aim is the best achievement of art, it would not be unreasonable to offer the parsley crown to Mr. Cecil Roberts. For his poetry is full of soul, and the soul of man is (inevitably) the life-blood of art.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE SOUL OF IRELAND.*

Why should Ireland be "a thorny subject," as Dr. Lynch suggests she is, in the first words of his preface? Why should any element of humanity on the planet be thorny or embarrassing to intelligent student or critic? In point of fact, is Ireland in any sense "thorny?" Or are the "thorns" a reality or a fiction provided by the commentators themselves? Give the salient facts of Irish history—so far as they are now available—be honest and frank about them, to yourself and your readers, and there is nothing thorny in the matter, though there is much that is tragic, and a great deal that is chastening to sundry consciences.

Happily Dr. Lynch does not continue to see "thorns," Few writers have dealt so boldly and so airily with the medley of Irish affairs, so far as he knows them. And as he knows a great deal, and is a friendly, able, and trained observer and interpreter, the results are often distinctly appreciable. Where he feels he does not know he pleads guilty with firmness and grace. It is an example that ought to be taken to heart. Much trouble and temper would have been avoided had numerous writers, without an adequate basis of knowledge, refrained from laying down the law about Ireland, or had allowed the reader to understand their limitations.

Born in distant Australia, highly educated, with a literary and philosophical bent, Dr. Lynch's course might well seem to lie far from the stress and storm of Irish politics. Blood and heredity told, however, and the revelation of the new trend of his destiny makes attractive autobiography, while his detached but vivid presentation

* "Ireland: Vital Hour." By Arthur Lynch, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

of the noted individualities with whom he was brought into contact is, so far as it goes, an enkindling addition to history. His special purpose, however, is to reveal Ireland to herself and others, and to stimulate her and make her constructive. With this view he writes courageously on conservative clerics and their grip of life—he rather ignores the progressive types—he urges a new attitude and wholesome devotion to science, he exposes the drawbacks and anomalies of deadening educational "systems," he studies sundry organisations, and considers industrial possibilities in a cheery and thoughtful fashion. In all these surveys there is much that is vital, while touches odd and playful enliven the procedure. For instance, he tells of a West of Ireland race meeting, one of the races at which was won by an old age pensioner riding his own horse! The picture will linger in the memory as an illustration of Irish vitality and originality!

Dr. Lynch came to Ireland from a distance. How he came, what he has seen, how he has served, how much he likes and dislikes, the brave and healthy things for which he hopes: these are the burden of an honest and stimulating book. But it is a work with grave omissions. Just before reading it I finished the study of the autobiography (in Irish) of that remarkable individuality, Canon O'Leary, who is racy and untiring at seventy-six. In some respects he was concerned with the same ground as Dr. Lynch, for he has much to tell of the disastrous landlord system, of the ruin of education, and of the Land League in which he bore a prominent part, though we mainly associate him with delightful Irish prose, which he has given us abundantly in the twenty years since the rise of the Gaelic League. Yet the Canon's "Mo Sgéal Féin" (My Own Story) and Dr. Lynch's "Vital Hour" might have come from two different worlds. To ignore the Gael, as Dr. Lynch does, is to miss the essence and colour of Irish history. One specially feels the weakness and want in his astonishing chapter on "Literature" in Ireland. As an Anglo-Irish record it is imperfect, but the crowning irony is that it says no word of any distinctive Irish achievement from the Cuchulainn saga to our own day! Dr. Lynch in his active years has fared far, as we gratefully admit, but, like all of us in some wise, he has much to learn yet of the story of the humanity localised in Ireland.

W. P. RYAN.

THE GREAT TRUTH SEEKER OF BELGIUM *

Whatever subject a writer is called upon to consider, naturally he finds himself contemplating it in relation to the war. Many things cannot be seen because of the deep shadow cast by the war upon all human affairs not directly concerned in its prosecution. Literary reputations, as well as ordinary interests, suffer temporary eclipse when they cannot be related to the task of bringing Armageddon to the only conclusion our conscience will permit.

A deep, personal association with the World Drama brings Maurice Maeterlinck, the man, into the sweep of its terrific action, a fact which makes one feel he has a claim on our attention, quite apart from his work, which is discriminatingly expounded and appreciated by Mr. Macdonald Clark in "Maurice Maeterlinck." It is an enjoyable experience to read this book, in the light of our most recent memory of the great Belgian poet, as he stood in the picture galley of Apsley House, giving his impressions of the war and its significance to the various peoples engaged in it. "England understands us," he then declared. "When Germany gave us twelve hours in which to decide either for armed protest and defeat or dishonour, there was no question even for a moment which road we would choose."

The recollection of such words provides the necessary medium through which to approach Maeterlinck's work to-day, and the student could not have a better informed guide than Mr. Clark, who, evidently well-equipped by temperament and intellect for such a task, has carried it out with the utmost care. So full is the book of illuminating passages, that it tempts one to wholesale quotation. Most admirers of Maeterlinck will be in agreement with the author when he says:

> "He is a philosopher from the beginning, in his poems, his dramas and his essays; he seeks after the form which will make him most explicable to his readers, not for the sake of the form, but because he has something to say. Although the dramas are most exquisitely constructed in the most rhythmical and musical of French prose, it is the philosophic poet who speaks throughout; the conscious artist is everywhere subordinate to the philosopher, one might almost say, whether he willed it or not."

Yet because Maeterlinck is a poet, he escapes from categories again and again, with the elusiveness of his own blue bird, and he then produces a mood and not a conscious message.

The story of his development is traced from his early university days to the appearance of "Marie Magdeleine" in 1913. The author has an individual method of exposition. At the head of each chapter the leading points of various aspects of the Belgian master's work are pithily given. From these alone readers with only a nodding acquaintance with some of the plays, poems and essays, could acquire more than a superficial knowledge of the subject.

It is in his search for Truth, "wherever and under whatever disguise he may find it," that the student is to look for the real unity in Maeterlinck's work. Some words from "L'Intruse" throw a characteristic light on his attitude—you may remember that the uncle declares, "But there is no truth," to which the grandmother replies, "Then I do not know what there is."

There speaks the mystic, who after much study, finds silence has a voice. But Maeterlinck is not content with dreams dimly revealed in the half-lights of occult beauty. "His sympathies are with all that makes for progress. He would have the world-soul enriched by the contribution of every eager, developing individual human soul, and not impoverished by the dwarfing and stunting of those that cannot have scope." As a pendant to this statement must be placed this sentence, "Happiness, in general, Maeterlinck considers more educative for the soul of man than misfortune; we are told that it counts more for man's progress to have taken one small step forward in the matter of happiness than to have made many steps in unhappiness."

In one place, the author raises the interesting, if rather fantastic question as to how far an unconscious prevision of Belgium's agony accounted for Maeterlinck's prepossession with the thought of death. Clear to-day in many ears must ring the cry of the children in "The Blue Bird," "But there are no dead."

The author's critical manner is lucid, and he studies with meticulous care every play and several of the poems and essays, while at the same time showing a helpful aptitude for quotation. Only in one instance do I find myself in disagreement with the author, and that is in his estimate of "La Mort de Tintagiles." He describes it as an "exquisitely touching drama." Touching it certainly is, but to me it is almost unbearably harrowing in its rendering of a child's agony.

As to Maeterlinck's place in modern literature, Mr. Clark says that as a dramatist, he is a product of his age:

> "He has modern idealism against a background of the mediæval and the fantastic, the simple or the picturesque. He shows marvellous insight into human character and understanding of human needs. Although the dream-like character of his plays troubles many a practical mind, or mind more bent on action, yet the gracious sweetness of the women who move through his scenes is neither local nor temporal, but typical of a poet's conception of women of any place and time. The plays, except "Monna Vanna" and "Marie Magdeleine," are hardly objective; the poet has been blamed for being too much in them all."

There is no attempt to place Maeterlinck either in the hierarchy of the past or the present. His adorers call him

* "Maurice Maeterlinck." By Macdonald Clark. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

the Belgian Shakespeare, which leaves men who are not temperamentally attuned to him marvelling at such a claim. A saner line of appreciation is struck by Mr. Clark who declares "the shimmering blue searchlight of the philosophical seeker after truth and beauty will burn as long as Ibsen's fierce red flame of revolt against convention and hypocrisy and public lies that cloak themselves as benefits." And he has taken us to the confines of the seemingly real and made us look into wonderlands—work that was well worth doing.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

NOX AUGUSTINIANA.*

The table has been cleared; by the light of half-a-dozen candles, set in tall candlesticks of Sheffield plate which glimmer elusively duplicated in the depths of the rich mahogany, the port is starting on its rounds; and our host, settling himself in his chair of Chippendale's best period—and cracking a walnut reflectively, embarks on one of his familiar, inimitable monologues.

With great precision of detail and date, which is never wearisome because it is so apt to theme and manner; with exquisitely deft allusiveness which informs while seeming courteously to assume an equal knowledge; with asides—footnotes, as it were—which are never so long as to break the thread of the story, he tells us first, in his lucid, unaffected way, of the Venetian pastellist, Rosalba Carriera, who painted the ten-year-old King of France, and Mississippi Law and Horace Walpole, and gave lessons in her art to the Empress Elizabeth Christine. She was as industrious as she was fashionable, and, though her eyesight gave her trouble for many years, she would not lay down her brush until—at the age of seventy—she could no longer distinguish the colours on her palette. That, apart from the interest reflected on her by friends and sitters, she was an artist well worth remembering we are convinced by a couple of engravings after her work which Mr. Dobson shows us from his portfolio.

He always keeps that portfolio ready to his hand, and, taking from it a print of Streatham Place, the country house of Thrale the brewer, he talks for a little while of Hester Thrale and her friend the great lexicographer, who spent so many happy days there and saw it for the last time with such regret. And then, prompted perhaps by a subconscious thought of the sea life (so different from that known to Smollett) which is being lived out in the grey mists to-day, he speaks of Falconer and his "Shipwreck," a poem which, for all its pseudo-classic irrelevancies, moved its generation as Mr. Masefield's "Dauber" and "The River" have moved ours. "He would have done better to rely for his effects on the inherent horror and misery of the facts," Mr. Dobson concludes. "But he lived in days when sentimentalism was rampant; and it was thought poetical to speak of a ship's poop-lantern as 'a Pharos of distinguished blaze.'" And, leaving the poet to his unknown fate in the lost *Aurora* frigate, our host turns to Prior's "noble, lovely, little Peggy," who grew up to be Duchess of Portland. Hers is an uneventful tale of tea-drinking and wool-work and the collection of shells, with some good friendships and an occasional royal visit for variety; and, by way of contrast, it is followed by an account of poor George Gordon and the riots for which he was only in part responsible.

"To know Shakespeare like the Duke of Devonshire"—the fifth duke, Georgiana's husband—was, rather more than a hundred years ago, a proverbial phrase; and as one listens to Mr. Dobson's easy conversation one feels that "to know the eighteenth century like Austin Dobson" should find a place in the currency of the language; especially when, after turning from the adventures of Madame Royale ("the only man of her family," as Napoleon called her) to the multitudinous labours of John Nichols and Aaron Hill, he improvises a dialogue which might have passed "in some Lucianic Shadow-Land" between Henry Fielding and his peccant biographer, Arthur Murphy.

Mr. Dobson is always at his happiest when defending the great novelist, and the pause which follows on Fielding's final sally, shows that he had been keeping this *jeu d'esprit* effectively to bring down the curtain on the evening's entertainment. And, indeed, we have sat out all but the most stalwart of the candles.

Out of doors, however, it is still dark. A pale finger of light, a very modern portent, moves slowly across the sky; and a chance ray escaping through the blackened glass of a street-lamp shows the evening's posters telling of slaughter such as the eighteenth century, with all its wars, never imagined. It is difficult for us to imagine it either. The most we can do, under the spell of our host's discourse and in the optimistic mood which a well-spent evening induces, is to feel as though, in the morning shortly to dawn, we shall be forced to ask what victory there has been, "for fear of missing one," as Horace Walpole was in the year of Minden and Quebec.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Rosalba's Journal, and Other Papers." By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE GOLDEN SCARECROW.*

Children, as even the least observant among "the Olympians" must be aware, live partly in this world and partly in another. There are some unlovely persons who maintain that the other world in which they seem to pass so many of their hours is a region of primæval savagery; but there are others of us who like to think that the small people come, trailing clouds of glory, from God Who is their home, and that it is heaven itself which lies about them in their infancy. Well, those who hold by the former theory will find Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel distasteful enough; but those who accept the poet's view will take the book straight into their hearts, and give it a place beside "Peter Pan" and "The Golden Age."

All upon whom the "shades of the prison house" have not entirely closed, will find many strange, deep memories stir within them as they turn these fresh and fragrant pages. For there was a time, though it may be many years ago now, when all of us knew St. Christopher and were conscious of his gracious ministrations. We, too, like young Hugh Seymour, felt some unseen Power guiding our childish footsteps, sharing in our childish joys, comforting us in our childish sorrows, companioning with us in our childish loneliness, and (most especially) throwing His protecting arms around us when the bedroom lights were extinguished and the footsteps of mother or nurse faded down the stairs. Of course, we did not know Him by name; nor even could we have pronounced His name had we known it. Nevertheless, we shall recall very vividly, as we read "The Golden Scarecrow," how very real to us was this Unseen Friend of the children.

Hugh Seymour was the type of little boy to whom St. Christopher was particularly real, because he had so much need of Him. For Hugh, whose parents were in Ceylon, was of a dreamy nature, and it was his misfortune to live with a country vicar who perpetually thanked his stars that he had been born a practical Realist and not a slave to "nerves." Since, therefore, St. Christopher meant so much to Hugh in his early years of solitude, Hugh remembered Him longer than do most of us, who grow up and go out into the great world and forget the tender influences that hovered around the nursery. Hugh, indeed, always lived in close communion with St. Christopher; and when, as a man, he came to live in one of those cool, shadowy squares that hide themselves away in the heart of London, he delighted to gather around him all the children that came to play there in the gardens. The children took him into their confidence as they could not take even their parents—for parents so often forget St. Christopher; and so it was that Hugh heard many strange and beautiful stories of the part that the Unseen Friend

* "The Golden Scarecrow." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Cassell).

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Hugh Walpole.**

had played in the little comedies and tragedies that made up the lives of his young associates; and so it is that Mr. Walpole has written one of the most charming books of its kind that has been published within recent years.

For into this series of child-studies—which, incidentally, offers him much scope for genial satire at the expense of parents, uncles, aunts and country clergymen—the author has packed a great wealth of intensely sympathetic observation and picturesque description, together with an abundance of humour and pathos which play as naturally about the springs of the heart as the sunlight and the shadows play alternately around the fountain in the Square. And, with the figure and the spirit of St. Christopher always in the background, the story is suffused with a warm glow of imagination which illuminates the whole picture as a landscape is illumined by the sky. Indeed, one cannot better describe "The Golden Scarecrow" than as a book with a horizon and a sky; and it is, therefore, the type of book for which one should be especially grateful at a time when the eye tends to travel no further than the headlines in the halfpenny Press.

GILBERT THOMAS.

OBLOMOVISM.*

Even the name of Goncharov is barely known in this country, although he is the author of one of the finest romances of the last century. Not only is his "Oblomov" a classic in Russia, but it has gained great popularity in other lands, although beyond an article by the present writer, published some years ago, no attempt appears to have been made to acquaint British readers with its merits. The work is more a study of character than a combination of events, and that may have deterred the few English authors conversant with Russian from attempting its translation. Despite this fact, the story is full of interest, and never monotonous. Goncharov depicts the native character

* "Oblomov." By Ivan Goncharov. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

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so faithfully in this work that a famous Russian contemporary declared: "Something of Oblomov is to be found in everyone of us"; and so universally was the portraiture recognised that "Oblomovism" was accepted as the proper term for the nerveless, lethargic, undetermined class of people prevalent in the Russia of those days.

Goncharov displays a likeness to Hawthorne's delicacy of touch, and possesses no small share of the American's humour, but in his minute delineation of personal traits and in subtle analysis of mental processes, he more closely resembles Dickens and Balzac, both of whom seem to have influenced his work. In his masterly grasp of character he fully equals the latter in his delineation of "Louis Lambert." The incidents in Oblomov's career nearly always result from mental rather than physical action, and the man's tendency to enjoy the *dolce far niente* of this life modifies all his resolutions. A fine contrast to the hero is his servant, or rather serf, Zakhare. This man is a most original personality, and is quite as lifelike as his master, whose laziness he shares; whom he adores and yet slanders; to whom he preaches economy whilst he squanders his money; to whom he is impudent and peevish, but "whom he loves as a dog loves his collar." It would be difficult to find anything more curious and yet natural, the conversations of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza excepted, than the dialogues between Oblomov and his serf, Zakhare. Only a portion of their chatter is given in Mr. Hogarth's translation, but every sentence which is bandied between the two is worthy of preservation.

The most beautiful portion of this romance is a retrospective review of Oblomov's past life, in the semblance of a dream. This dream is regarded as one of the finest specimens of Moscovite literature, and is adopted as a model for study of the language in native colleges. It starts with a representation of provincial life in the south of Russia, giving a portrayal of the ways and manners of the simple-hearted masters and their serfs, as they were more than half a century ago. Not only the labourers, but even their masters, are seen caring for little more than the gratification of their daily needs, and as not altogether unblissful in their ignorance of more cultivated wants. From this unsophisticated spot in the empire Elias Oblomov, a petty noble, is transferred to the stirring life of Petrograd, where he obtains an appointment in the Civil Service. His duties in this Government department, carried on in a manner not very dissimilar in some respects from those of the British Service, are related with much sly humour, but unfortunately the whole of this section of the work is omitted in Mr. Hogarth's translation. "Oblomov" is a lengthy romance, and some abridgment of it might have been permitted, but the wholesale exclusion of so much of the most characteristic portions is inexcusable.

The hero's career in and out of the Civil Service, his course of love-making and his aimless kind of life, are all depicted in a masterly manner. It has been complained of Goncharov that he only gives pictures, and that his portraits, although marvels of delicacy and finish, are too abstract for daily life. It is partly true that his characters sometimes lack action and even animation, but in his portrayal of the various idiosyncrasies which distinguish one human being from another, he is almost unequalled. Of course he has written other works than "Oblomov," but this is his masterpiece; it is, indeed, one of the world's *chefs d'œuvre*.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

Novel Notes.

THE VICTORIANS. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

In a certain famous letter Charles Lamb inveighed with characteristic heat and bitterness against the pestilential tribe of Barbaulds who had robbed childhood of its fairies and substituted a tiresome course of trite copy-books and crabbed precept. Miss Syrett takes the same view, but she brings the indictment down a century later, and flogs the Victorian schoolmistresses with their own birch-rods. Her Miss Pidduck is a masterpiece of frowsy inculcation, her grandmamma a monument of domineering and hidebound propriety. Her heroine Rose is a kind of Maggie Tulliver, who, clever and "unusual" as she is, will not possibly fit into grandmamma's system of education for "young ladies." The model sister Lucy develops in an odour of correctness and universal approval, and in the course of time meets the kind of reward that Samuel Richardson would have bestowed upon her, for she marries a lord. Rose, on the other hand, leads a thorny existence of rebellion against all the fixed rules of behaviour, and, after a wild expenditure of energy, writes a novel. The leading influence upon her life is Mrs. Winter, who earns a reputation for being "advanced" simply by wearing fashionable hats, reading the latest books, and imperilling her soul by witnessing the plays of Gilbert and Sullivan. Happily, she imperils Rose's as well, for she is instrumental in getting the girl sent to college and liberating her from the old and cramping influences of the grandmotherly and Pidduckian regime. Thereafter we watch her evolution through many stages and influences, from a mild form of Socialism to "the new art." Helen, her college chum, and Geoffrey Winter, her first love affinity, are living and convincing characters, and console us, as they consoled Rose, for having suffered her Pharisaical surroundings gladly. The way in which the author conveys all this environment without growing dull under the weight of it is a triumphant tribute to her powers of humour and her buoyancy of mind, and we feel that if she does not soon redeem her undertaking to continue the story of Rose's career we shall have to proceed against her for literary breach of promise.

THE ROSE OF YOUTH. By Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Cassell.)

The title and the very attractive paper cover of this novel combine to awaken expectations that may be disappointed by its highly original contents. It is not a love story. Youth stands for many things that make the hero more or less indifferent to the call of sex—the spirit of freedom, the romance of literature, of music, of the world's beauty and of life as an adventure. Those things take him out of a draper's shop in London, bring him into touch with people of another social level than his own, and, when the story ends, run off with him on a trip to the Mediterranean. The chance to go, a casual one, "for to be'old and for to see," is enough to catch him away from a girl who not only yields after a tough conflict of ideas but offers to let him reform the shop he has fought about. He loved her, we are told, but this chance was too much for his love and his chivalry. It is such a hero whom we are to understand, if not to admire without reserve and some dissatisfaction. The story is written with tremendous verve, in a style of unmannered ease and liveliness depicting shop and warehouse life, with a glimpse of the commercial Thames and a hint of the universities. Finney's, the retail drapery store where the hands "live in," is painted with a mordant realism, indignant at its mean and conscienceless oppressions. There is this realism, sharp when not indignant, in many scenes of London bustle, misery and distraction. The handling counts for much more than the tale. It is that of a witty though not very sympathetic determinist, impatient of the sordid things she has seen and passionately in love with things beautiful. Teddy Earp's defection seems excusable if not sublime, for when he rebelled at Finney's, heading a protest, the unorganised poor wretches he spoke for deserted him. But his poetic depths are not so discovered as to be convincing: the romance, with its allusion to pre-natal memories and Hellenism in an irresponsible Cockney, is strained. It whisks him out of life as well as out of the story. That sort of thing happens, no doubt; but to reconcile a reader to it is a feat demanding more reflection and more detachment. Thereupon the sense of humour may have more to say to the sense of the romantic, and all be well.

LOOKING FOR GRACE. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is the first comedy of the war, and one that will take a good deal of beating. The real hero and heroine of it never appear in its scenes. In the opening chapter Mrs. Massingham receives a letter from a young officer who was with her husband, Colonel Massingham, when he died of his wounds in a field hospital in France. "It appeared to me," the letter concludes, "that he wished to send you a message of some kind, but I could not catch clearly what he said. I could only hear him murmuring, 'Grace, Grace, tell Grace I have done what I could.'" But the name of Mrs. Massingham is Margaret. She is a local society leader at Blackheath; a woman so self-complacent and unsympathetic that though you follow her rather vindictive search for the mysterious Grace with the keenest interest you rather hope she may not find her. Mrs. Tremlett has a delightful sense of humour; she clothes the shrewdest common-sense comments on modern social life in the airiest sparkle and gaiety of style; she is as dexterous in the drawing of her various men and women, and in the management of her dialogue as in the easy development of a plot that is ingenious in its very simplicity. You may not be able to decide whether the story is more charming even than clever, but you will say emphatically and without any hesitation that it is both.

BAMBI. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. 6s. (Jarrold & Sons.)

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> "The rarest gifts God can bestow,
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> And while with lightly jingling bells
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> Here must I stand, until the beat
> Of horses' hoofs no longer tells
> That you are near, and silence knells
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